

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE BRIGHT BOY OF AMERICA

WILBUR HUSTON'S HOOK-UP

THE BRIGHTEST BOY'S SPEECH TO AMERICA

The Winner of the Edison
Scholarship on His Ideals

MODESTY FIRST

It is not easy to be the Brightest Boy in America; Wilbur Huston has found that out.

As already explained in the C.N., Wilbur was one of 49 boys from all over the United States who have been given a chance to spend their lives in Edison's laboratory. They were examined by questions and Wilbur Huston won.

Instantly the bright boy was covered with confusion by being hailed in the American papers as the successor of Edison, the genius of the future, and the brightest boy in all America.

A Priceless Opportunity

What we like better than all these things is the modesty of Wilbur Huston himself. He was, of course, invited to the microphone for what is known in America as a Coast-to-Coast Hook-up, and this is what he said:

So many people have asked me what it feels like to be the brightest boy in the United States that I have blushed myself into a severe case of sunburn. While I certainly appreciate the interest which everyone is taking in me, I must say I will be glad when all the tumult and shouting die out.

Naturally the winning of the Thomas Edison scholarship is the biggest event in my life. Then I have met Mr. Edison, talked with him, asked his advice, and I realise that this has been an opportunity unequalled.

But I have no illusion about succeeding Mr. Edison in the field of science. Although he has made it possible for me to have the finest scientific training, I know that education can never take the place of genius. Naturally, with the advantages the Edison scholarship will give me, I look forward to achieving a moderate measure of success. If I am lucky I may go even farther, but as to succeeding Thomas A. Edison—well, that would be ridiculous.

America's Great Men

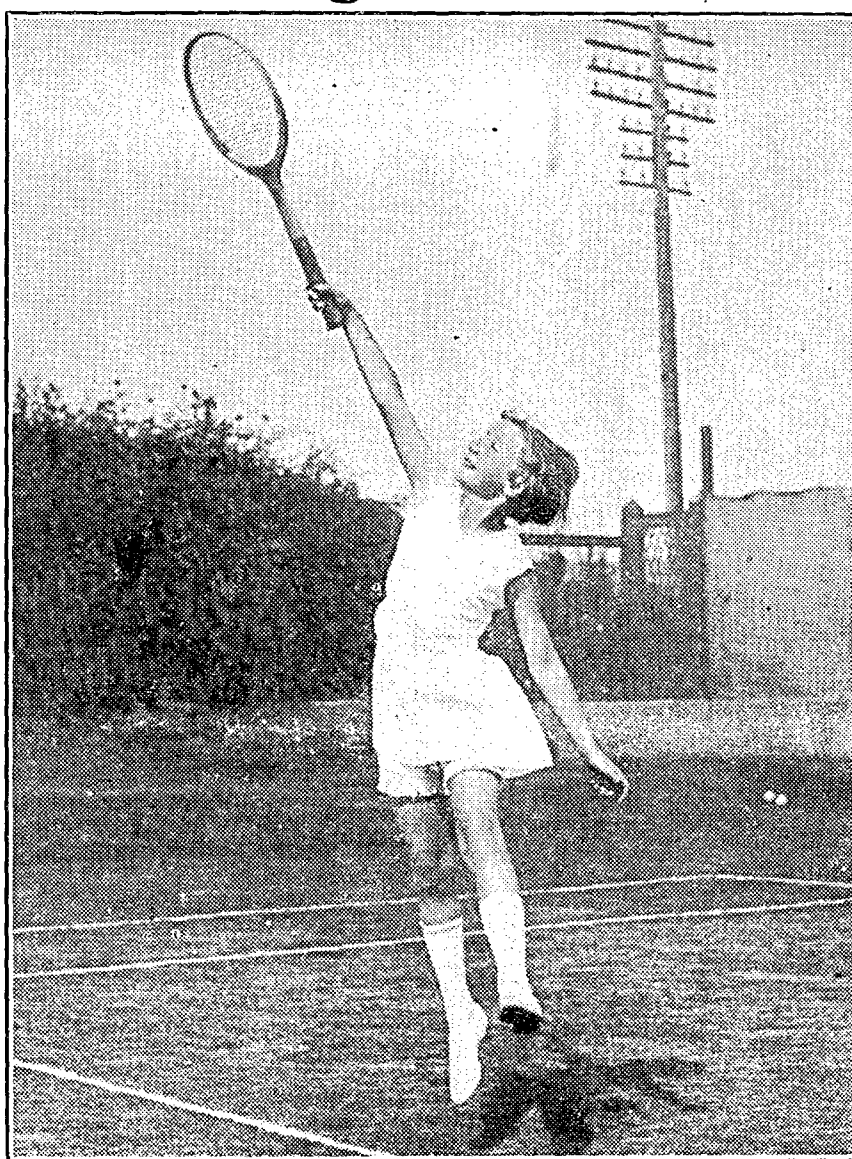
Reporters have asked me what I intend to do when I graduate, when I intend to get married, and a lot of other questions like that. I do not know. My first concern will be to get my degree. Then, if I succeed, I shall work hard, and that is about all anybody can do.

Since I have been in the East I have met a great many of the country's outstanding men, including members of Mr. Edison's Advisory Board, Colonel Lindbergh, Mr. George Eastman, Mr. Henry Ford, Dr. Howe, and, of course, Mr. Edison and his sons, Charles and Theodore. They have all been extremely kind to me.

But, though it has been my good fortune to meet them personally, there is no reason why every boy should not profit by the example which they set. I said a little while ago I could not foresee my own career. There is certainly much profit to be derived from studying theirs.

I think their greatest common characteristic is modesty, and this is why, although I am

The Vigour of Youth



The energy of youth is splendidly illustrated by this picture of a girl jumping to a high ball on the tennis court during the tournaments for boys and girls at Frinton-on-Sea, where tennis is one of the greatest holiday attractions.

deeply appreciative of the honour which has come to me, I am eager to step out of the limelight and get down to work. Naturally, I hope that you will hear of me again some day, but I hope you will hear of me only because of worthwhile achievements.

The C.N. hopes the world will hear of this modest boy again, and it will be well if the newspapers now leave him to his work. His examination paper is not to be made public, but Mr. Edison's son has allowed a few of the questions and answers to be published, and we pick out the following:

When do you consider a lie permissible?

When it would save someone else a lot of trouble, pain, and grief, but not when it would benefit you in any way.

If you were marooned alone on a tropical island without tools how would you move a three-ton weight?

I'd use a lever and an inclined plane if I decided to start moving it.

Which would you be willing to sacrifice for the sake of being successful: Happiness, comfort, reputation, pride, honour, money, wealth, love?

Comfort.

What place in our daily lives do you think the automobile will have 100 years from now?

I think the automobile will be used in short-distance hauling and transport. The aeroplane will have replaced it for long distances. Perhaps the automobile will be electrified by then.

A ROCKET MISSES ITS MARK

In Jules Verne's story the voyagers who were shot at the Moon reached that distant target. The aim of a rocket fired in the same direction by Professor Goddard of Clark University, Massachusetts, was not so good.

After going a mile the rocket came back. The propulsion was to be helped on by gases exploding within it.

The Professor, after surveying the remains of his rocket, explained to an alarmed populace who had been drawn to the spot by the terrific explosion that it was only a test flight, but a test flight which stopped about 238,000 miles short of the goal cannot have afforded much useful information.

NEWS FROM A SMALL ISLAND

Life in a Very Lonely Place

LOW TIDE ON THE GREAT BARRIER REEF

Through the courtesy of a Yorkshire reader the C.N. is able to give these glimpses of life on Willis Island, 250 miles from Queensland.

The island is the site of a Weather Observatory and the notes are by a member of the staff. Any C.N. reader who would like to write to this lonely place should write to Officer-in-Charge, Willis Island, 47, York Street, Sydney, Australia.

I have just returned to the mainland after a year on Willis Island. Though I enjoyed my term away from civilisation it was wonderful to return to the mainland again.

Time does not drag on the island as you might think, for the ordinary routine work—keeping the station in repair, preparing meals, swimming, and so on—does not allow many idle hours.

The Best Friend

The sound of the breakers on the Barrier Reef and the never-ceasing shrieking of birds prevent the oppressive silence that is sometimes felt in lonely places.

Our best friend is the gramophone. Generally it is on duty several hours a day. Broadcasting is out of the question for nine months of the year on account of atmospherics.

The island itself is not quite half a mile long and less than 200 yards wide. The area is about ten acres. The highest point above sea-level is 25 feet, and all above high-water mark is covered with coarse grass.

Going out on the Reef at low tide is most interesting, for then we see so many strange forms of life—different types of coral and many kinds of fish most brilliantly coloured.

Terns are the most numerous birds, and gannets are well represented. Both come there mainly for nesting purposes, and at times it is difficult to walk among them without trampling on their eggs or young ones.

Timid Guests

Meal-times are well known to the rails (small birds similar to quails), for they come inside and wait for their share. Though these birds will eat out of one's hand they are extremely timid and make a fearful fuss if anyone tries to handle them.

The Weather Observatory was placed on Willis Island because the cyclones form in its vicinity, and often they strike the Queensland coast and do considerable damage. From observations taken on the island and telegraphed twice a day to the Weather Bureau in Brisbane the State meteorologist can determine when a cyclone is forming and can issue warnings of its approach to coastal towns and to shipping.

Pictures on page 9

LIONS IN SEARCH OF WATER

WHAT DROUGHT MEANS IN SOUTH AFRICA

The King of Beasts Follows the Stricken Cattle

WEATHER AND THE WILD

By Our Natural Historian

We have all seen this year what startling effects long drought has on our land and lives, villages waterless, a canal closed through the drying up of the lakes which feed it, city-supplying reservoirs left as bare expanses of mud, hay uncut because of the cost of labour exceeding the value of the growth. But it has not brought us lions.

A drought worse than ours has visited South Africa, with sensational and terrifying results. With the drying up of the waterways and water-holes which they are accustomed to visit the cattle have been driven back from the wide ranges which they normally roam to seek the succour of the farms where water still remains. The lions have followed them home.

A Hunter Hunted

It is not cattle alone which have retreated from the wilds; free game has been compelled to follow in the wake of the domestic animals, and it is from the pursuit of these that the lions have turned to attacks on cattle and their owners.

Damage without precedent has been done by the great flesh-eaters, and the stock of oxen and donkeys has been seriously thinned in spite of the efforts of hunters to drive off the lions. In one case a hunter became the hunted, and was badly injured by two lions.

Although the loss they are now suffering from lions exceeds any previously known, our kinsmen in South Africa have had experience of the harm lions may do without actual contact with human beings. The fighting over a wide area during the war so unsettled the antelopes, giraffes, and other animals that they stampeded south, with the lions in full cry at their heels. With them went the deadly fly whose bite is fatal to domestic animals, and what is called horse-sickness was rife.

Wolves in Europe

The number of our own wild animals in Great Britain has been so reduced that extremes of weather can have no such results as these, although deer, during the stress of winter, play havoc with the crops of Scottish farmers when food fails them in the open.

We have to look abroad for results on a grand scale, and the picture is often an astonishing one, whether winter rigour or summer heat is the occasion. Eastern Europe affords an example. Wolves have enormously increased in Russia owing to Bolshevik neglect. Last year they invaded Poland in terrifying hordes, and the Government had to send out its army to combat them.

Hungry Tigers and Snakes

So much for heat and cold and their unexpected consequences. Flood, also, brings disaster as unexpected as terrifying. A few years ago there was a sudden rise in the number of persons killed in India by tigers: the death-roll was over a thousand for the year. The increased mortality was traced down to one district, where it was found tigers had hungered through a stroke of Nature. One great storm, accompanied by a flood, had drowned a great number of deer and wild swine, and the tigers had been forced to eat men and women.

Similarly, a rise in the number of deaths caused by Indian snakes was traced to flood. The rising waters had driven the reptiles from their native haunts to human dwellings at higher elevations, where, like the snake in the fable, they paid for hospitality by slaying their hosts.

E. A. B.

THE PEACEMAKERS

Great Task of the Teachers

"As the children are taught so the nations will become" is the belief in which 1500 men and women gathered together recently in Geneva for an educational conference.

They considered many subjects relating to schools and teaching, but one idea held them all together—the belief that the time has come for nations to work with each other as much as possible for common causes.

One of the ways of thus making peace is by encouraging friendship between children of various countries, so that national distrust, racial animosities, and religious prejudices may disappear. Another way is by fostering respect and understanding for the customs, government, and religions of other peoples; and a third is by making a study of what different countries have contributed toward the general good.

This conference decided to send a request to publishers and to newspaper associations that they should allow only true information about peoples and countries to appear in newspapers and books. It also offered to the cinema industry its fullest cooperation in all attempts to ban films which endanger international friendship.

THE TAIL WAGGERS

100,000 Dogs and £12,000

Once men were the only people who had clubs, then women's clubs came into existence, then boys' and girls' clubs, and then every dog had his day.

Besides the Kennel Club there is a Tail Waggers' Club today, and the membership has just reached 100,000. The club has already raised £12,000 for good works.

The C.N. has told its readers about the Rover League, an association of dogs and cats which collects money for



The Schneider Trophy. See next column

crippled children. The Tail Waggers collect money for sick animals.

They pass their funds over to the Royal Veterinary College, where part of it goes toward endowing a Professorship of Canine Medicine and Surgery and part to the Poor People's Out-Patients Department, which handles over 10,000 cases a year.

This department is the greatest boon to hundreds of poor horses and donkeys whose masters cannot afford to buy them both food and medical advice.

THE SLUMS HAVE A DAY OUT

We have always liked London bus drivers and conductors, and now we know that we were right.

More than a hundred of them gave their services the other day to take 8000 East End children to Epping Forest.

Most of the children saw the country for the first time, and pointed out cows to one another as excitedly as if the beasts had been rhinos. There were sports and prizes and a sumptuous tea, all provided by the Transport Workers Union, and then a happy eight thousand went singing home to bed in the slums.

SPEEDING-UP IN THE CLOUDS

CONTESTS FOR THE SCHNEIDER PRIZE

The World's Aircraft in Pursuit of the Record

350 MILES AN HOUR?

The Schneider Trophy Contest originally fixed to take place, weather permitting, at the end of this week, was confidently expected to furnish a higher speed than had ever before been attained by any mechanical contrivance on land or in air. When Britain took the prize from Italy in 1927 the course by the Lido was flown at a speed of 281 miles an hour.

Over the quadrangular course of 31 miles at Spithead, including as turning-points mark ships at Seaview, off Hayling Island, Southsea Pier, and near Cowes, a number of trial flights had led to the expectation that a speed of approaching 350 miles an hour would be obtained. The prescribed course was to be flown seven times, the distance covered therefore being 220 miles.

Built For Speed

The trophy for which the race is flown was presented by M. Jacques Schneider in 1913 to encourage the design of aircraft capable of operating from the sea, competing machines being required to pass mooring tests to prove their seaworthiness before flying in the race which decided the winner. Although the mooring test is still adhered to the competing machines of today are built more for speed than for seaworthiness, for the fast little craft could not alight in a heavy swell without crashing, whereas the big and slower seaplanes in regular use can operate in comparatively heavy seas.

The amazing increase in speed since the competition began is shown by the fact that in 1913 the first race for the trophy was won by France at 45 miles an hour; ten years later the winning American machine flew at 177 miles an hour; and in 1927, the last time the contest was held, Britain won with a speed of 281 miles an hour (281.49, to be exact). Neither France nor America is competing this year.

How the Nations Stand

There have been eleven contests for the Schneider Trophy, and France has won once, America twice, and Italy and Britain three times. On one occasion the race was cancelled owing to fog, and in 1924, when America could have claimed the trophy by merely flying over the course, because the others were unable to fly, she declined to do so. But for that action there could have been no contest this year, for by the terms of the trophy bequest if any nation wins the race three times in five years that nation retains the trophy and the competition is at an end. America won in 1923 and again in 1925.

This year Italy and Britain both entered three machines, though all need not fly. Britain had four machines built, two Supermarine S6s, each fitted with a Rolls-Royce engine of new design, and two Gloster 6s, each having a Napier engine. Italy prepared several machines but unfortunately some of these were lost during trials.

A Thousand Miles an Hour

According to the designer of one of the British machines, there is no reason why the Schneider Trophy should not be won at a thousand miles an hour before 1950. Of course the machines which take part in these races are of no general use, but the lessons learned in designing and flying them are of practical value in the production of aircraft for all purposes, and help immensely in speeding-up in the air. Picture on page 3

THE NEW WORLD WE LIVE IN

Justice for the Little Nation

A WORLD COURT DECISION

Little Switzerland weighed against Big France in the scales of International Justice at the World Court tipped the beam and won the case.

It was a very complicated case; and the dispute, like so many others which sever nations, arose over customs duties. Between the countries of France and Switzerland are certain strips on the boundary line called free zones.

So far as customs duties go they were placed after the Napoleon Wars a century ago in the Swiss area, although the actual land belongs to France.

France never liked the arrangement, and after the Great War she sought a new one. The new one did not satisfy Switzerland, and Switzerland said so; but it suited France, who proceeded to remove her customs houses and officials from the French side of the free zones to the Swiss side.

In other words, France "jumped the claim" to the free zones and turned them into French territory both in fact and as regions in which France could collect customs dues.

The International Court of Justice at The Hague now declares the big nation to be in the wrong, and orders it to remove its customs houses to their old places.

The World Judges tell France that she has broken the law and must come to terms with little Switzerland. There will be no war and justice will be done. It is part of the New World we live in.

THE WAILING WALL

Where Jew and Arab Meet

It is sad indeed that the disagreements between Jew and Arab in Palestine should have come to a head in the shadow of the Wailing Wall of Jerusalem.

The Wailing Wall should be set far above any conflict of politics or opinion, for it is the symbol of all that is revered in the Jewish religion and all that is mourned in its history. On any day a few pious Jews lament there for the Jerusalem of their forefathers that is gone. On holy days many hundreds assemble to bewail, in a litany led by a rabbi, the Temple that was destroyed, the walls that are overthrown, the majesty that is departed, the great men who lie dead.

Unhappily the Wailing Wall is on Mohammedan property. Arabs, looking for injury, see in these celebrations an insult, and make them the pretext for riot and reprisal.

The British have kept the peace in other years. We hope that out of this crisis a more solid foundation for peace may be built.

THINGS SAID

The one-game man has usually a one-track mind. Lord Gorell

I would not have a workman who drinks. Mr. Henry Ford

Never worry; everything will come right. James Lucas, aged 101

What is old-fashioned is not always out of date. Bishop of Bradford

For ten years we have talked of peace and thought of war. Mr. Wickham Steed

Friendly understanding is all we need to iron out little differences of opinion. The Prince of Wales

I hope you will move Heaven and Earth to have Epstein's works removed to the rubbish heap.

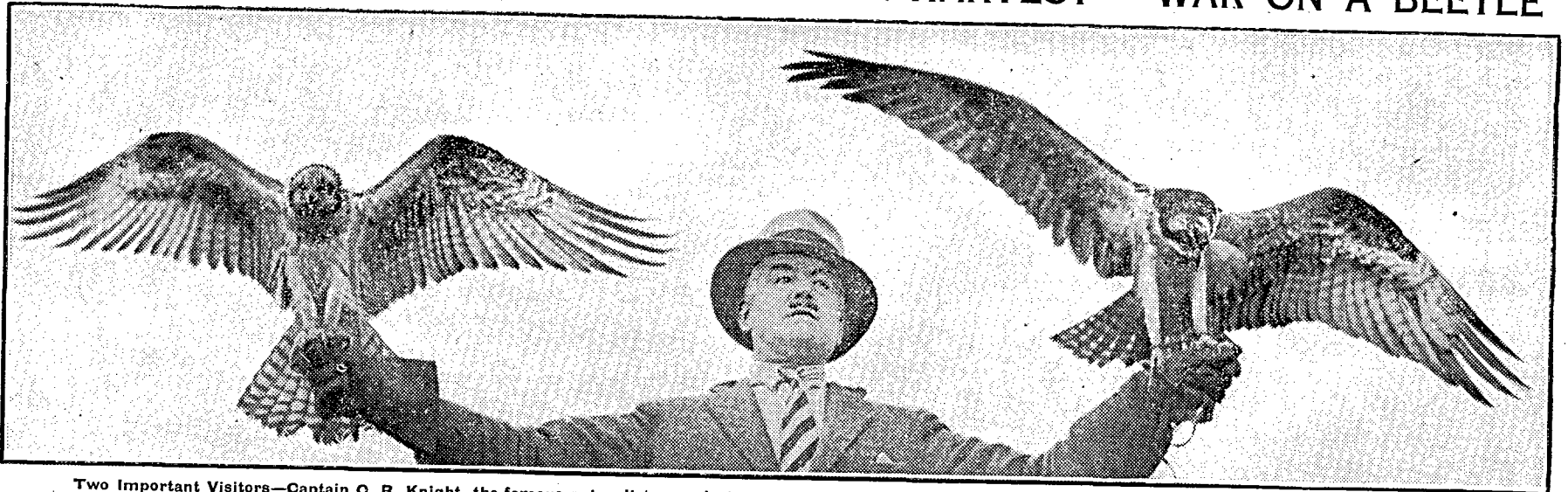
A letter to the C.N. from Guatemala

September 7, 1929

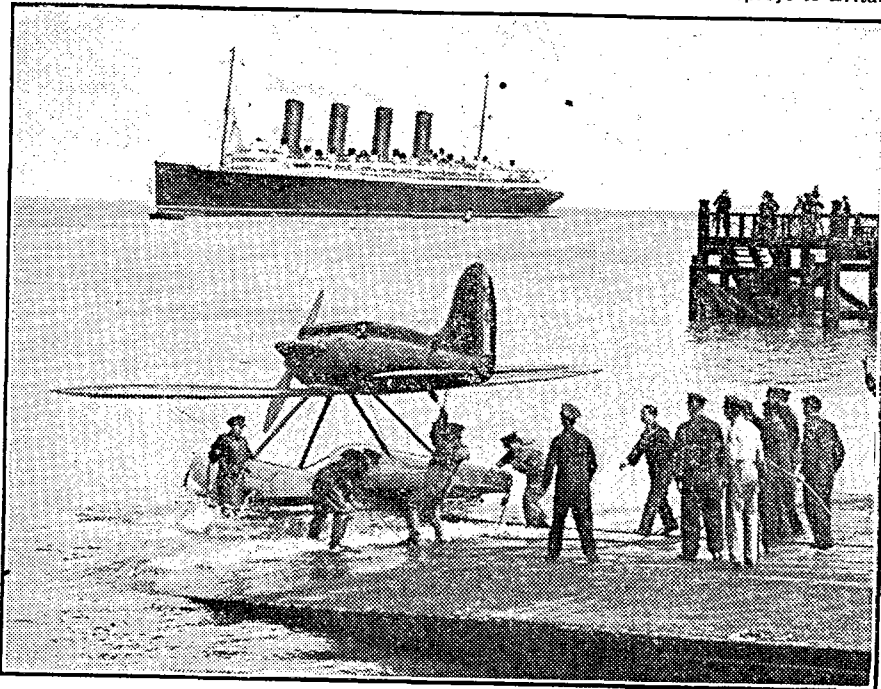
The Children's Newspaper

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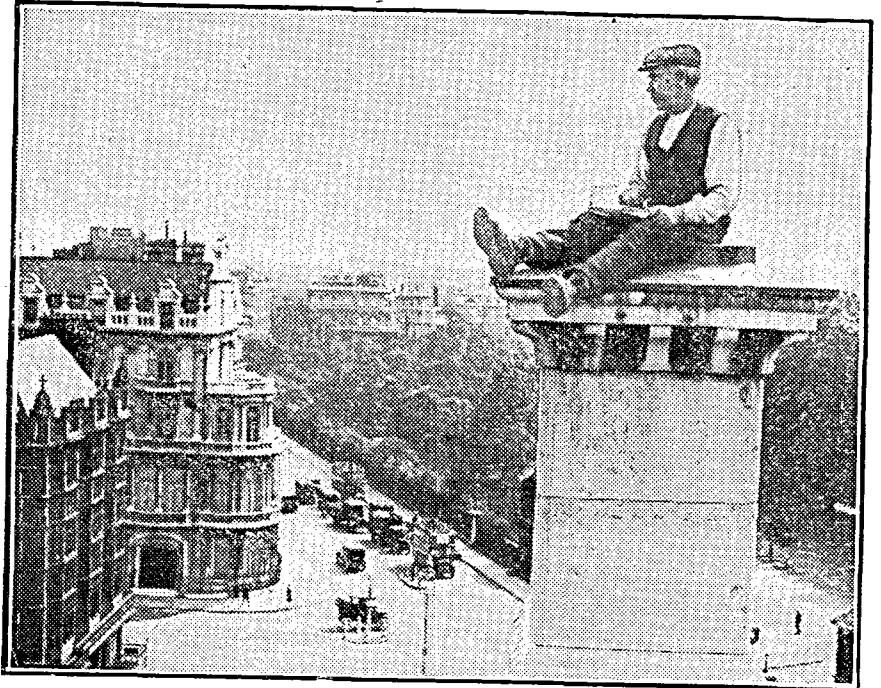
OSPREYS IN BRITAIN · SPEEDING UP THE HARVEST · WAR ON A BEETLE



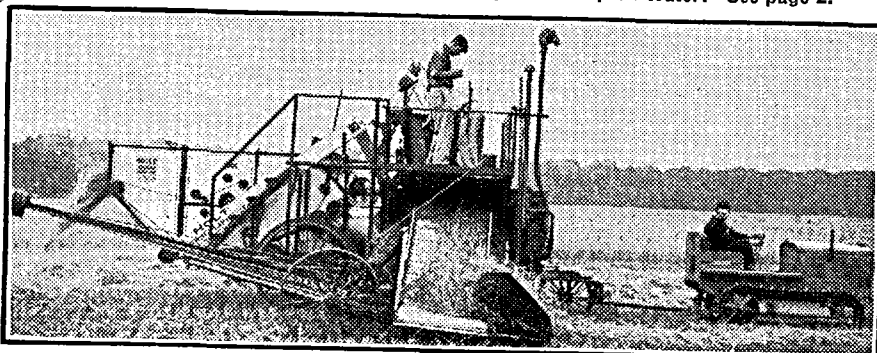
Two Important Visitors—Captain O. R. Knight, the famous naturalist, seen in this picture, has brought a pair of ospreys from America and released them in Scotland. He hopes to reintroduce ospreys to Britain, where they have been extinct for over 20 years.



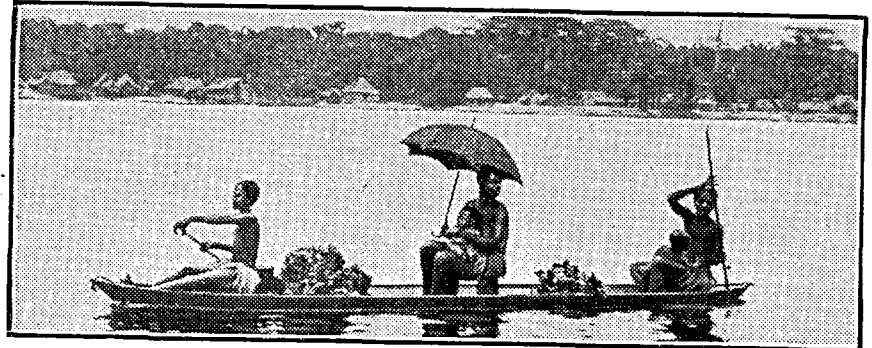
Speed Ships—As one of the Gloster Six seaplanes for the Schneider Trophy contest was taking to the water for the first time at Calshot the Mauretania, which had just broken her record for the trip from New York, steamed up Southampton Water. See page 2.



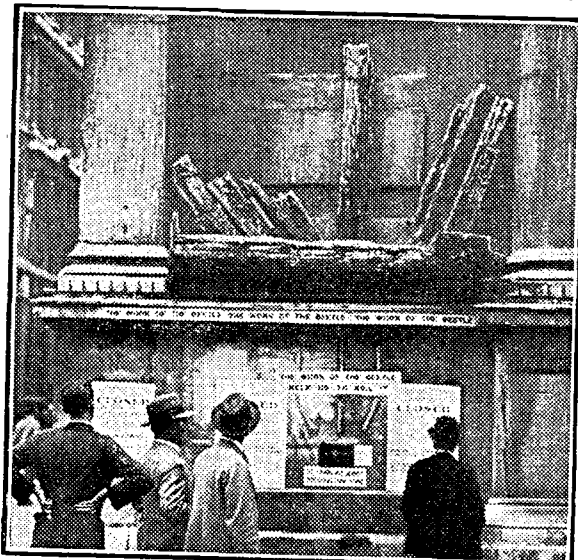
Lunch Time—Passers-by in London streets are often amazed at the feats of the house-breakers. This man, who is taking his lunch above Dorchester House, which is being demolished, feels that he is quite safe on his lofty perch away from the risks of street traffic.



Speeding-Up the Harvest—A new harvesting machine which threshes and bags the grain was tried recently. It is here seen at work in a field where barley has dried on the ground.



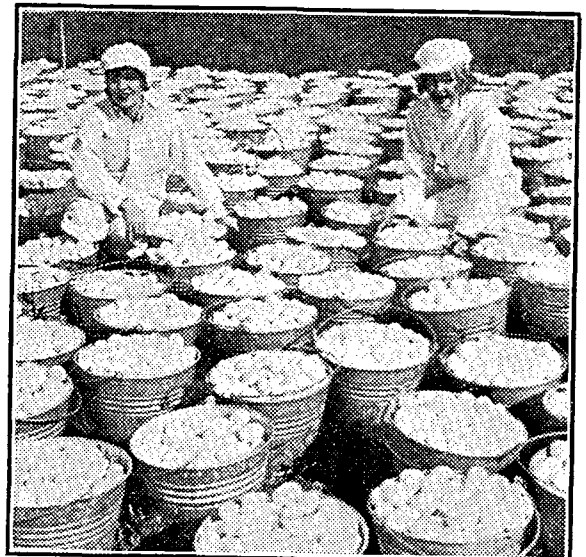
Home From Market—An umbrella provides welcome shade for one of these natives of the Belgian Congo returning from a shopping expedition in a dug-out canoe.



War on a Beetle—Some of the oak beams attacked by the death-watch beetle are displayed outside St. Lawrence Jewry Church, London, which is appealing for funds to fight the pest.



A New Friend—These little visitors to the London Zoo were very proud when they were allowed to make friends with a young otter, which they are here seen tempting with a banana.



Mass Production—About 30 million eggs a year are produced on a great poultry farm at Los Angeles. This picture shows some of the eggs gathered in one morning.

AN ANIMAL JAMBOREE

ALL THE NATIONS AT THE ZOO

Wild Life of Every Continent in a London Garden

IF THE SEA-BED ROSE AGAIN

A glance at the latest list of arrivals at the London Zoo suggests a striking picture to the mind.

If the land system of ancient days returned, with Great Britain linked to Europe and Europe to Africa, and if Man opposed no artificial barrier, our animal population might become once more, as in olden days, like that of any other continent.

For of the 273 living additions to the Zoo during the month for which the latest particulars are available no fewer than 63 were born in the menagerie.

The Newcomers

The new babies at the Zoo, born during the school holidays, include that wild cousin of the horse and ass and zebra the kiang, whose free kindred roam the wide plains of the Tibetan plateau, and four thar babies, mountain-roving goats, whose kind must be sought in the dense forests which clothe the dizzy slopes of the Himalayas.

The king of the antelopes, the great upstanding eland, native of South Africa, is a happy Zoo parent, and the Hangul deer, which at home may be said to rub shoulders with the thar in the Kashmir wilds, have become possessed of a son.

Those are contributions from stock native to Asia. Then came the turn of Africa, and this was a thrilling addition, the three lion cubs of which the C.N. has already told. These are not the first little lions whose rearing has been regarded with confidence; other prosperous youngsters have been born at the Zoo of late years. Until recently, however, though lion births were not few, deaths were as many.

Nature's Parachute

Australia comes into the list of London-born animals with two short-headed flying opossums, tree-haunting creatures which have developed an umbrella-like membrane along the sides, serving as a parachute, and enabling its owner to plane down from considerable heights.

A red kangaroo has also appeared to bear the opossums company, so that Australia has sensibly increased her representation among the natives of London.

That is a representation of the south, but birds restore the balance by enriching the Zoo's collection from the opposite end of the world. Three snow geese, originating in the desolate wastes of Arctic America, have come joyfully from their eggs, four days the seniors of a nest of lovebirds, six in number, whose species took rise in the vicinity of Lake Victoria Nyanza in Africa.

All the World Represented

In their wake came six masked lovebirds, whose ancestors used to hear the lions roar and elephants trumpet in the teeming jungle of Tanganyika. A Rhodesian species of lovebird and a budgerigar, Australian in origin, complete the very interesting list.

Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia are represented in the summer birthday honours at this one centre of life in London where there exists a sort of perpetual jamboree of animal life. Of course exceptional care and skill go to make conditions healthy and happy there, but all the creatures which have been born at the Zoo this summer might have been born, in favourable circumstances, in open England, and we may infer from this that if the sea-bed rose again and Man did not intervene our island would support an animal population resembling that of wilder lands.

VERY QUEER LAW WHEN IS THEFT NOT STEALING?

The Magistrate, the Joy-Rider, and the Other Man's Car

MUCH LEGAL CONFUSION

There is a new reason for not leaving motor-cars or motor-cycles in the streets.

If one is stolen and the thief declares that he was merely joy-riding a magistrate may believe his statement and declare it impossible to convict him of stealing the machine.

A curious situation arises as the result of rulings such as this. In some cases where the plea of joy-riding has been advanced the magistrate has not unnaturally pooh-pooed the excuse and decided that a man who goes off with another person's car and belongings, without the owner's consent or knowledge, is a thief, and should be punished as such.

On the other hand, a London magistrate has decided in the case of a labourer who was charged with stealing a car that the man's plea that he merely took the car for a joy-ride is good in law and to be accepted.

A Free Ride

It follows, then, that if a man steals a car but urges that he did so only for the fun of having a free ride he may escape all penalty on that charge.

But our legal system is ingenious as well as intricate. The Court holds that if we cannot bring home the charge of stealing a car which a stranger has carried off we can convict him of stealing the sixpennyworth of petrol he has used to drive the car away!

It is a little difficult to see how, in view of these findings, any car-owner is to secure the conviction for theft of a man who, after going off with the car, declares that a love of sport impelled him to deprive the owner of his property. The fact that he can be punished for using spirit which the tank of the car contains recalls the old gibe current in days when public lands were being unlawfully enclosed. The old saying ran that the law sent to penal servitude the man who stole a goose from the common, but looked with smiling benevolence on the knave who stole the common from the goose.

Amendment Needed

The plea of joy-riding has its counterpart in the excuses offered in many other cases, where justice is not so charitable. The man who embezzles money generally asserts that he had intended only to borrow it and to repay in full. He has been joy-riding, so to speak, with other people's possessions. He may return the money or he may forget to do so; as a rule it falls to the police to remind him of the transaction.

Some amendment of the law is obviously necessary, and more certainty as to the attitude the Bench will adopt toward the joy-rider who goes off with another man's property.

A MAN COMES BACK TO THE WORLD

What changes in the busy life of towns would most strike a man who, having been absent from the haunts of men for fifty years, revisited them?

One answer is—Horses.

A prisoner in America, serving a life-sentence in a prison at Charlestown, was transferred to a State farm, and for two hours passed by car through town and country.

He had not been outside prison walls for half a century, and the first thing he asked was whether there were no more horses. He was more interested in a steam shovel than in an aeroplane.

NAMING THE FAR HORIZONS

A Labour of Love

London is always growing larger, and fresh mushroom suburbs spring up each year round so many of our great towns that England is becoming a nation largely composed of townsmen.

But town life can never stifle the call of the country. Every week-end there is a rush to the woods and fields and rivers, to high places for the refreshment of views of far horizons.

A little ceremony took place lately on Finchampstead Ridges, one of the beauty spots of East Berkshire, which belongs to the National Trust. It was the unveiling of a Direction Dial pointing out to sightseers the names of the hills and places of interest in the wonderful panorama of the country seen from the Ridges.

As the Crow Flies

This labour of love was the work of Mr. Arthur T. Heelas, and it supplies a long-felt need. It tells the stranger that he is standing 332 feet above sea-level, and gives the exact distance as the crow flies of every object to which arrows are pointing. The latitude and longitude are also recorded, and the direction of London, Oxford, and towns on the southern coast.

On a clear day places over twenty miles away are visible from the Ridges. King John's Hill and the Hog's Back can also be seen, 18 and 13 miles distant. Charles Kingsley's village of Eversley is also visible.

TADPOLES AT HOME

People who have brought up orphan lambs and puppies on bottle food little dream how easy is their task compared with some tasks that confront the keepers at the Zoo.

The other day, for instance, someone sent the society a foam nest. An Asiatic tree frog makes these foam nests, and in them its eggs turn to tadpoles.

There was great delight over such an acquisition, and the foam nest was placed in a moist room and kept at a high temperature till the tiny tadpoles hatched. Then the little creatures had to be fed by hand.

Let the ordinary reader ask himself how he would set about it. (No, tinned milk given in a baby doll's bottle would not do.)

The keepers are offering the midgits such things as tiny greenflies, proffered on the end of a camel's hair brush. So far they are feeding well. Once more the patience and ingenuity of the Zoo officials win our admiration.

MEASURING LIGHT

One of the difficulties doctors are finding in giving ultra-violet light treatment is to know just what amount of light is being used.

Too much of the rays can be very dangerous, and we are glad to see that Dr. Rentschler, of the New York Electrical Society, has invented a new type of electric eye which is able to measure on a meter the amount of light coming from the lamp.

This is a great step forward in light treatment and will be greatly welcomed by doctors.

Gassed Trees

Gas leaking from a main in New York caused fifty trees to wither and die.

Age and Youth Compete

In a fishing match at Bottesford, near Nottingham, a man aged 90 and a boy aged seven competed.

5000 Whales

Over 5000 whales were caught south of the Shetland Isles last year, the yield of oil being 66,000 tons.

The Litter Lout Again

Owing to the activities of the Litter Lout, Wickstead Park at Kettering has been closed to campers.

THE CRUEL THINGS DONE FOR YOU

WRITE TO YOUR M.P.

The Tragedy of Suffering That Lies in Ignorance

DEMAND FOR THE HUMANE-KILLER

We have received from the Council of Justice for Animals an appeal for larger membership and increased financial support. It is an appeal that deserves a generous response from all who believe that whenever animals are killed the method used should be humane and prevent needless suffering.

The main objects of the association are to promote humane methods in the slaughtering of animals for food and the painless killing of horses, dogs, cats, and other animals when their death is a kindness. The society, as all C.N. readers know, works abroad as well as at home. It buys old horses that run the risk of being sold to other lands, and it gives instructions to drivers about the treatment of horses. It runs five dispensaries for relieving suffering animals, and it would do more work of the kind if it had ampler means.

Slow Progress

Many of us who have long supported the use of the humane-killer, and have rejoiced over its adoption in numerous districts, are probably unaware how slow progress has been. In 1915 the Ministry of Health issued model bye-laws, one of which related to the slaughter of animals by methods that minimise suffering. That bye-law could be adopted by Local Authorities, or it could be ignored. The number of Local Authorities that have adopted it is 280, but over 2000 Local Authorities have ignored it in face of the most positive proofs that the humane-killer saves animals from pain.

Terrible Facts

This is no little matter, for 40,000 animals are slaughtered daily for human food. The pole-axe is still being used, although when the Corporation of London tested its use in 900 cases it was found that for the stunning of 100 bulls 250 blows had to be struck; 123 blows for 100 oxen; 127 blows for 100 cows; and 155 blows for 100 pigs, whereas when humane mechanical instruments were used only 1259 shots were required to put out of suffering 1255 animals.

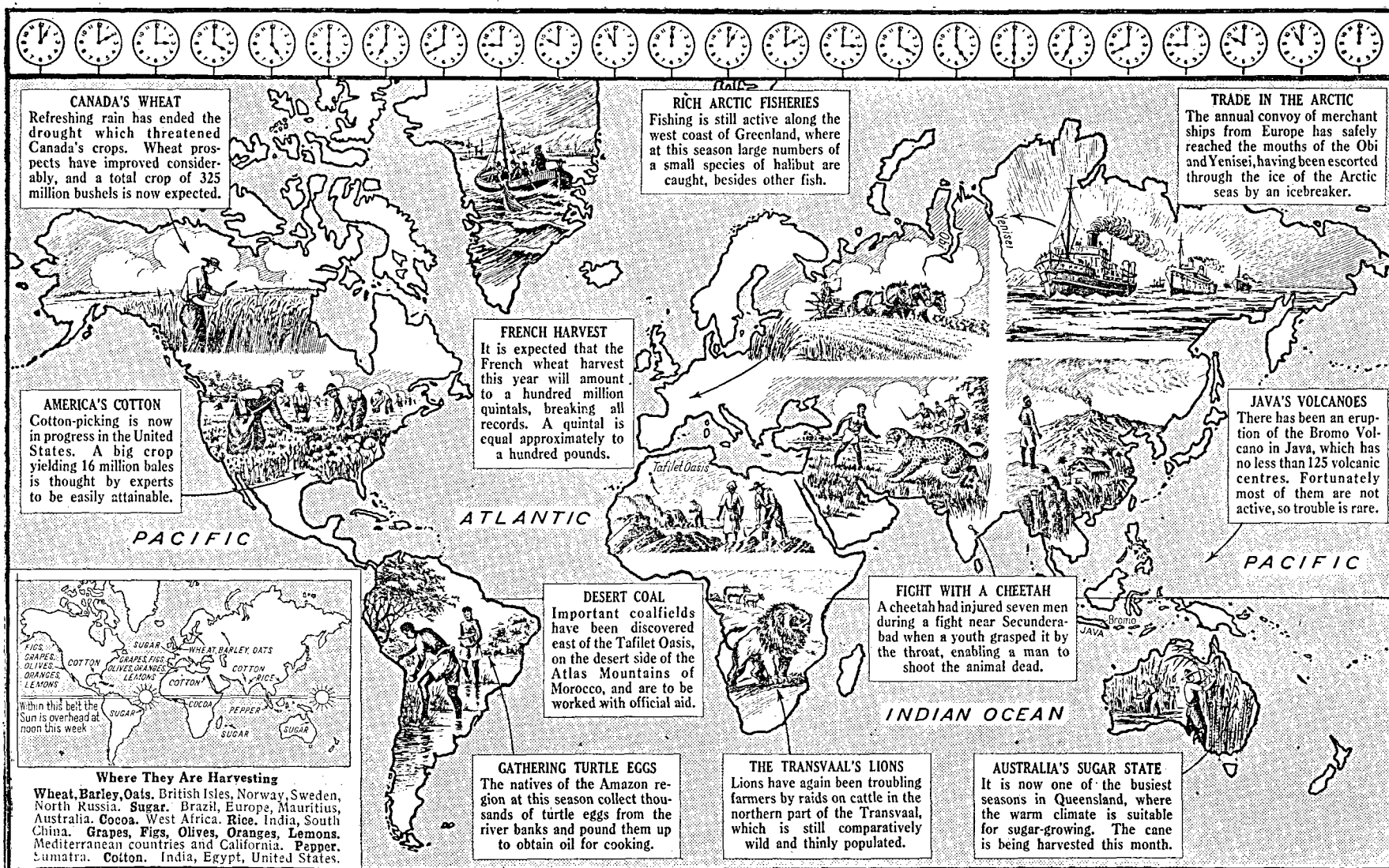
These are terrible facts, and many sensitive people will shrink from the very mention of them, but these things are being perpetually done, and apparently will be done till the general public realises the terrible cruelty practised day by day on their behalf and insists that humane slaughter must be *universally compulsory* throughout this country.

How to Help

A private member's Bill is now before Parliament, but it may be years before it passes unless there is great agitation to force it through. One step is taken in that direction when support is given to this admirable association which befriends dumb animals in life and in death, and we hope many of our readers will send a mite to Miss Violet Wood, the secretary of the Council of Justice, at 40, Old Bond Street, W.1, to help in this work of humanity.

The responsibility for this tragedy of suffering lies in the ignorance of the public, and it rests upon all who are kind to spread the facts abroad.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A SONG OF THE DEEP SEA TRAWLER

Little Known Food Fishes

The efforts of the British Trawlers' Federation to induce the British public to eat more fish have been so successful that some 30,000 tons more deep-sea fish have been sold this year than in any previous year.

What the Federation wants to persuade people to believe is that there are as many good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and more fish good to eat than most fish-eaters have heard of.

Some of the minor fishes in the Trawler's list have inspired a poetic contributor to the following effort:

The haddock and the ling, the whiting and the hake,
Are swimming round Great Britain for fishermen to take.
The pollack and the halibut, the turbot and the brill,
If beef and pork and mutton went these fish would feed us still.
The conger eel and catfish, the sea-bream and the skate:
Tons and tons of them will fill the British plate.

THE PUNCTUAL SQUIRREL OF ASHANTI

A Briton in West Africa says he doubts if any living thing is so punctual as the black and white flying squirrel of Ashanti.

He used to notice three of them climbing the trunk of a certain tree every evening before gliding off to another, and observed to his fellow-pro prospector that it was always about the same time. After that they timed the creatures, and found that they always appeared at 6.45 p.m.

So long as the Englishmen were in that district, a period of over three months, the flying squirrels were punctual. Once or twice when a watch stopped the owner set it going again by the little beasts.

WHO OWNS THE AIR OVER YOUR HOUSE?

An interesting state of affairs is being brought about by the building of airship stations.

It is, in fact, suggested by lawyers in Canada that if a man buys a piece of land he can build a house on it of so many storeys; that the strip of air above this building can be sold freehold to somebody else, who can then build a station for aeroplanes to take the air or alight over the first man's house.

Cases of this kind are coming about in big spaces owned by railways, but it is quite evident that, in view of recent developments in Chicago and New York, slices of air over many of the big buildings will be sold to companies running aeroplane services, and legislation will have to be introduced to decide who owns the strip of air over a house.

THE MOTOR SKI

M. Santos-Dumont, who 20 years ago became so famous in connection with flying, devoted some time in those early days to an invention by which people would be able to ski by motor.

His invention has recently been brought to perfection. A small motor can now be strapped to the back which operates with a light connecting rod a pair of specially constructed skis.

The skis are about the ordinary length, and have only to be guided by the feet. The motor does the rest.

BOYS ARE BOYS

When some British Boy Scouts visited Tangier they were entertained to tea by Moorish, Spanish, Jewish, French, and Italian Scouts.

There were 91 boys. They ate 750 cakes. They then marched a mile to another party and had another tea.

Yet some old gentlemen have been known to say that boys are not what they once were!

THE OLD MAN AND HIS TREES

In the village of Nans in Sweden the oldest inhabitant, Simas Erik Erson, has just passed away. He died in a little wooden house on a miserable bed, exposed to all kinds of weather. Peace to his ashes!

And yet Simas Erson was one of the richest men in his country, for he owned immense forests, which will, however, become State property on the death of his wife. He was profoundly attached to his forests, and refused all offers of purchase, no matter how tempting they might be. He would never sell even an acre of his land, and quite recently refused £8000 for a corner of a wood.

Erson preferred to live in misery rather than allow his trees to be cut down. He looked upon them as living beings. Any tree of which he was specially proud was given a name, and at times he would speak to them. He showed particular affection for those trees which had been attacked by some malady, and would spend his last farthing in fighting the parasites and other enemies of his silent friends.

Erson's widow is equally attached to the trees, and declares that while she lives the axe shall not touch one of them.

TICKETS, PLEASE

A ticket could hardly fail to please when printed by the new ticket machines of the London General Omnibuses.

The ticket will have on it its price, the place from which the fare is paid, the ticket's number, the number of the omnibus and the trip it is making, and the date.

A passenger with time to spare can read all this information for himself, and if he does not like the conductor can keep the ticket as evidence against him.

The machine which prints the ticket adds for the benefit of the Company the total number of tickets sold and the amount of cash received. Boys who are collectors will look forward eagerly to the new issue.

ROADS AND LITTLE FISHES

A Word From One in Authority

There is joy among anglers. The Minister of Transport has lent an ear to their complaint that the material with which roads are dressed for the motor-car washes into the rivers and kills the fishes they fain would catch.

The minister speaks serious words, and he threatens seriously to consider whether he will not fine local road-building authorities who do this unsportsmanlike thing. If he does so he will fine them by refusing to let the Road Fund subscribe to their roads if they put on them the poisonous tar which sometimes forms a part of the road-dressing.

Nothing could be fairer, and, though the fishes cannot possibly know what is being done for them, there would be joy among them also if they could understand the minister's bold threat.

It is possible to pay too much for road surfaces and for petrol. Fishes are killed by the road-dressing and birds at sea by waste petrol. Both should be controlled.

A MAP MADE AT SCHOOL

The school children of Northamptonshire have found a new and useful occupation, and a very interesting one.

A little while ago the various schools joined together to produce a new map of their county. Each class made itself responsible for its own parish and armed itself with Survey maps.

The children compared the sites with the maps, soon discovering that the 1901 Ordnance Survey maps were inaccurate in places, and then verified and coloured the land according to its nature. Grass they marked light green, woodland dark green, arable land brown, and so on.

These children, all under fourteen, have now made a complete coloured and revised map of their county. It is an excellent achievement.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 7 1929

The Empire's Holy of Holies

WHAT is this preposterous thing that the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey are threatening to do to the holy fane which belongs not to them but to the British people? They are people of a day. Westminster Abbey is eternally a bit of the British Empire.

To the Abbey we all come, the King and the Unknown Soldier. It is the shrine of a people's history, the Ark on which no profane hand must be laid. Its structure and lineaments are graven on a nation's memory as something beautiful and noble which must be disturbed no more. Its stones are sacred. The Dean and Chapter propose to deface them by adding what has been described as a bandbox in which to keep their clothes.

They will clutter up the soaring lines of the eastern arm of the Abbey with a sacristy of sham battlements, an imitation curiosity shop antique, which will cheapen the most illustrious architectural triumph of all Westminster, the external view of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, which will be spoiled as we stand at the main Abbey door. All this to enable the Dean and the clergy to arrive in the Abbey fully clothed in the vestments withdrawn from their bandbox.

Let us try to be fair to the Abbey clergy in this matter. In many great cathedrals there are Sacristies and Treasuries, contemporary with the edifice, where the church's treasures and the vestments are maintained. But these places are in themselves often of great beauty, and are part of the plan of the edifice.

Westminster Abbey has no such structure. At the Coronation something like the Dean's bandbox was set up, and was hastily pulled down, but this new box, *always there*, is simply out of the question so far as the British people have the right to question it.

What right have they? They have every right, and we agree with a powerful critic of the scheme that the Dean of Westminster does not realise the weight and intensity of the dislike which this proposal creates in the minds of a vast number of people. The number would be vaster, it would include the great majority of serious Britons all the world over, except that they do not believe that in the end this sacrilege will be done.

In that they are probably right. Years ago public opinion was powerful enough to prevent the alteration of a bridge over the lake in St. James's Park. If the Dean did add this infamy in stone to the Abbey the people would pull it down with their own hands.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



What, No Pins?

WHAT becomes of all the pins?

The age-old question was revived when the squire who opened a flower show at Christchurch could not find one to pin on the presentation buttonhole.

An appeal to the spectators for pins brought not a single subscription. At last a lady bashfully retired, and presently returned with one she had discovered somewhere about her.

No other information is forthcoming about this pin which found itself famous. The C.N. can express no opinion as to why pins, which used to be so plentiful, pin up the feminine outfit no more. The reason may be the same as that for the disappearance of hairpins. *There is less to pin up.*

London the Litter Lout

HERTFORDSHIRE lanes, once green with trees and hedgerows and sweet with the song of birds, have been extinguished by London's rubbish.

At a meeting at St. Albans Colonel Barclay said that every day twenty trucks of refuse from Islington are dumped at Holywell Hyde.

Holywell Hyde—how pleasant it sounds! Holywell Hyde Dump—what a loathsome thing it is, swarming with rats and flies and smelling to high Heaven!

It is hard enough for the country to see itself engulfed by London's spreading arms. The least London can do is to consume its own litter and refuse itself.

The College of Magic

TIBET has a College of Magic! What a country! you say. How barbarian!

It seems so incredibly far from England. But perhaps you have guests at tea, and one of them says, as happened at a table the other day in civilised Surrey: "You ought to have your child's horoscope done. I have just had mine drawn out. Marvellously true! I know a capital astrologer at Bath."

Do not let us be too sure that we are so far away from Tibet with its College of Magic. We are perfectly sure there is more nonsense believed in England than in the land of the Dalai Lama; and far more ignorance in some of our motor-cars, with their dangling imbecilities at the back window, than on any Tibetan yak.

What I Live For

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

George Linnaeus Banks

My Early Home

Here sparrows build upon the trees
And stockdove hides her nest;
The leaves are winnowed by the breeze
Into a calmer rest;
The blackcap's song was very sweet
That used the rose to kiss;
It made the Paradise complete:
My early home was this.

The old house stooped just like a cave,
Thatched o'er with mosses green;
Winter around the walls would rave,
But all was calm within;
The trees are here all green agen,
Here bees the flowers still kiss,
But flowers and trees seemed sweeter
then:

My early home was this. John Clare

Tip-Cat

YOU can tell a typist, they say, by her finger tips. Though she never has so many as the waiter gets.

I CAN read a speedometer, said an Essex boy. We wish we could.

It is said that 200,000 francs a day are spent in France by those who believe in dipping into the future. And it might so easily be spent in paying for the past.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If the sea front is at the sea side

What happens, asks a correspondent, when doctors disagree? It gives the patient a chance, and he recovers.

A CRITIC declares that few modern authors will achieve immortality. Wonder who has been telling him.

SOME titled ladies are becoming shopkeepers. Others are not becoming.

HISTORIANS tell us that the ancient Britons played a game like tennis. Each of them had his own club.

A YORKSHIRE doctor refuses to prescribe for people who want to lose weight. Won't encourage them to throw stones.

WHY, it is asked, do fat people get laughed at? Because everybody can see the joke.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE National Trust has now one thousand annual subscribers.

AN old Barnardo boy in Australia has sent thousands of pounds back to the Homes.

A BOURNEMOUTH lady has bequeathed £10,000 for a lifeboat for the Yorkshire coast.

FIVE hundred pounds has been received by the Institute of the Blind in a note saying, "I am old and I shall not want it."

The Lady Who Wanted a Little Cat

IN one of those novels which we are told are best-sellers the heroine, who is miserable at a crisis and happens, poor dear, to be staying at a hotel, goes down to speak to the girl at the bureau.

"Things aren't very gay, are they (she said)? Do you think I could find a little cat?"

Such is the consolation and the refuge of the disappointed in novels, and perhaps often in life.

Disappointment comes to everybody. Imagine all the people who tried for Parliament and were defeated. They have not forgotten it yet, we may be sure, but the wise ones have plunged into other things.

Think of the man who kept a rare cocoon for months, waiting for it to come out on an appointed day in his study, and found one morning on returning from church that his boot-boy had tossed the tin into the fire.

And, talking of cats, we have so often observed our own white Winter. When refused some food he greedily longs for he will blink out of his lovely green eyes, put the matter right away, and curl round in a ball and sleep.

Verb sap., as the Latin books say: a word to the wise is enough.

Strange England

By Two Correspondents

Tis true, tis pity; pity tis tis true. HAVING taken an old house we set to work to find workmen to put it straight. How odd it all is!

Plumbers are elusive. Decorators won't even glance round to see what you want; they have so much work. Nobody can do the garden. There is not a carpenter in sight. The silly lad of the village is making a pound a day by sweeping people's chimneys at this very late hour in the year for cleaning. Nobody can be found to lay a cement floor or to fix a tile. Charwomen have vanished from the Earth; and who will consent to take away a pile of scrap-iron and some good bottles?

But at a meeting on Unemployment we shall all be there, and in the front row will be the innkeeper who can't be bothered with people to stay except at week-ends, and the baker who never has a loaf of bread over or any cake to sell except on Saturday.

This is a bit of true English history in the year 1929 in a Surrey village, and we hope the C.N. will print it; for queer situations like this in a country where there are so many unemployed make one pluck out large tufts of hair in sheer bewilderment.

God Bless Our Fatherland

God bless our fatherland,
Keep her in heart and hand
One with our own;
From all her foes defend;
Be her brave people's friend;
On all her realms descend;
Protect her throne.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

September 7, 1929

The Children's Newspaper

7

LEAGUE'S NEW HOME WORK TO BEGIN ON THE PALACE OF PEACE

The Lady Who Refused to
Move for Fifty Nations

PLAN OF MANY ARCHITECTS

Any carter will tell you that a good team deserves a good stable, and it is good to know that the coming meeting of the League will be followed by a beginning of work on the new League headquarters.

For eight years the headquarters of the League has been a shabby hotel. There was no room in it big enough for the annual Assembly, which had to be held in a hall a mile away, and so much time and petrol were wasted. Every year the League officials became more cramped and more uncomfortable.

The Palace of Tomorrow

So it was decided five years ago to build a proper home for the makers of Tomorrow. It was to stand on the shores of Lake Geneva. The Palace of Tomorrow is still unbuilt, and it never will stand on the shores of the lake, all because of a middle-aged Englishwoman. It is a strange story.

The League decided that, without being extravagant, it must spend 13,500,000 francs to get an efficient building. It offered a prize for the best plan, and 377 were submitted. An international jury examined the plans and weeded out nine of the best, but could not decide which was the best of all. Then a special committee was appointed, and after long deliberation it chose one which was the joint work of M. Nénot of Paris and M. Flegenhimer of Geneva, on condition that they revised it with the help of five other competitors—three Italians, a Parisian, and a Hungarian. Naturally they found it difficult to understand each other or to agree. On one occasion two of the architects came to blows!

The Apple Cart Upset

When all was settled Mr. John Rockefeller Junior unwittingly upset the apple cart by offering two million dollars to build the League a library. A library is most urgently needed. There were fresh architectural meetings and disputes, and at last the alterations were made.

Then it was discovered that the League's site was not big enough for the new plans. But between the League's property and the International Labour Office lay a little country estate. "Of course the owner must be turned out," the architects said. "Then we shall have room for our library."

But the owner was a quiet, middle-aged Englishwoman, widow of a British Consul at Geneva. She said: "I will leave you the land in my will. I admire the work of the League very much. But my husband built this house, and I mean to end my days here. I will not sell it for all the money in the world."

New Plans Made

Entreaties and threats were alike in vain. The widow remained very courteous and very firm. A movement to have her expropriated failed.

So the poor architects had to remake their lakeside plans to fit a new site on the outskirts of the city. Geneva has given the League a great park there, and in exchange the League has given its lakeside property to the city for a new park. Work will start on the building after the Assembly has passed a formal resolution this month.

Among trees and green slopes will rise three white buildings, very stately and reposeful, making one group. The chief one will be the Assembly Hall, with

MUSSOLINI IS AFRAID OF PEACE

MUSSOLINI, having abolished the Boy Scouts, has his own substitute. Their motto is: Mussolini is always right.

While the world's Scouts were signing the new Peace Treaty of the world at the Jamboree Signor Mussolini was having his own private Jamboree of a very different colour at his summer residence, Villa Torlonia.

The Duce's Scouts were not Wolf Cubs or Beavers, but Fascist Balillas and Avanguardisti, who have taken their place in Italy.

The Balillas are the young recruits, and all elementary schoolboys in Italy must join. The Avanguardisti, the advance guard, as we may call them, are the senior Balillas, and are often

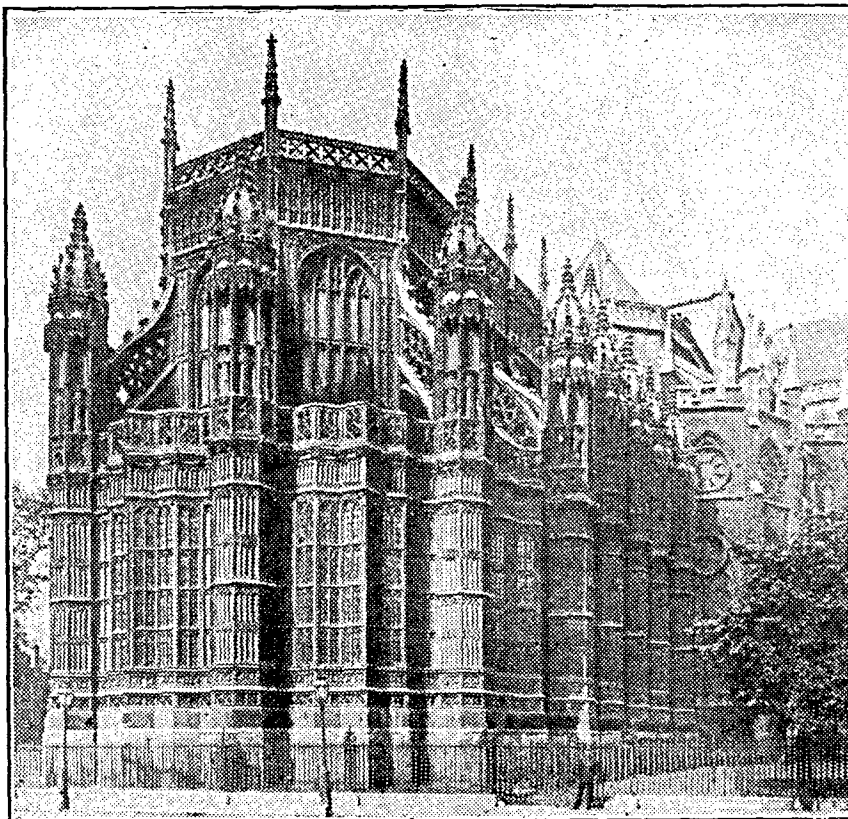
budding Fascist militiamen. The number of these recruits is very large, and last year 100,000 little Balillas were promoted to be Avanguardisti, while 90,000 of these advance guards took one step farther away from peace by being drafted into the Fascist militia.

One of the ten commandments of these future partisans has been quoted. Another is this: "The Fascist, and especially the militiaman, does not believe in perpetual peace."

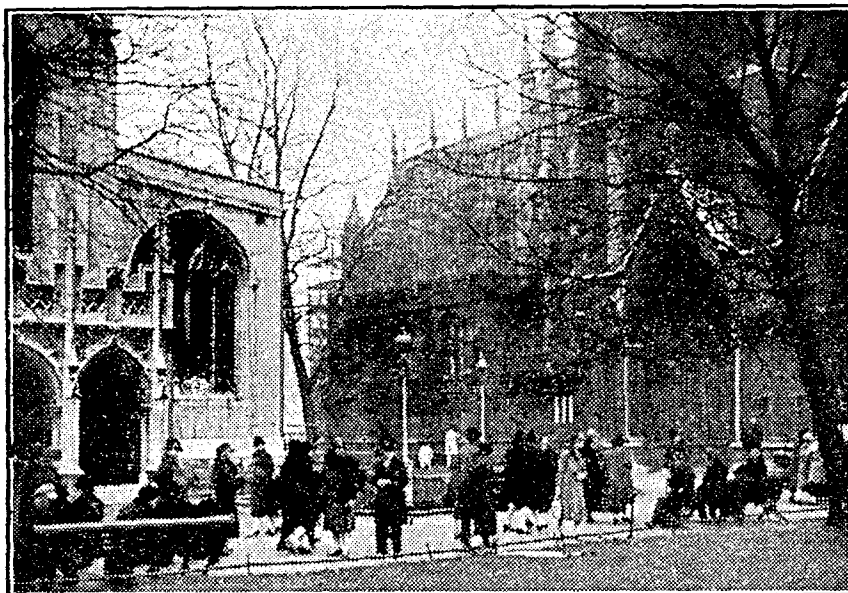
The last commandment is that one thing should be dearer to the Balilla, the Avanguardisti, and the Fascist than anything else—the life of Mussolini.

If Mussolini's life is as precious as all that why is he so afraid of Peace?

VANDALISM AT THE ABBEY



The supreme loveliness of the Abbey—Henry the Seventh's Chapel, which would be partly hidden at the main door of the Abbey by the new sacristy.



The proposed "clothes-box" for the Abbey. How the new sacristy would look.

Intense indignation has been aroused by the proposal to set up a robing room near the main door of Westminster Abbey. These pictures show the effect if the scheme were carried out. See page 6.

Continued from the previous column

its sixty offices for member States, and accommodation for 1600 journalists and assistants on the floors above. Then there will be a building for the secretaries, with rooms for smaller meetings, and another building for the million-volume library.

How splendid it would look mirrored

in the lake! Every official, it is said, is angry with the widow lady who would not yield to the pressure of fifty nations.

But perhaps her obstinacy was no bad thing. Everybody may now walk on the lovely shores which would have been reserved for statesmen and secretaries only. At any rate, the lady remains secure with her memories.

BABY'S MILK IS COSTING MORE

WHY THE PRICE GOES UP

The Weather and the Farmer
and the Cow

WE MUST HAVE MORE SCIENCE

It has been a lovely summer, says the townsman. Terrible for the hay, grumbles the farmer.

Another penny on the price of milk! exclaims the townsman. Put it down to the hay, explains the farmer.

Two bad summers have wrought havoc with the grasslands of England. A winter which, "lingering, chills the lap of May" made them worse. Not for long have the farmers had such reason to pull long faces when looking at their pastures.

Facing the Problem

After the war, when wheat put money in the farmer's pocket, the prices began to go down and the wheat fields again gave place to grass. Cows came back.

But one cow does not make a dairy. A dairy farmer needs a herd in order to let his neighbours drink more milk—as for some years they have been urged to do. A herd needs selection and building up. If once dispersed it has to be got together again from the beginning.

Consequently in the approaching winter of 1930 the dairy farmer faces a serious problem. Hay, because of its scarcity, will cost him so much a ton that he will not be able to buy it to feed his cows. He must charge more for their milk; or, if he cannot do that, he must reduce the number of his cows and wait for better times and more plentiful hay.

Either way there seems no escape from the prospect that for babies who want more milk their parents will have to pay more money.

In the Middle Ages

In these days, when butter and condensed milk are imported, these difficulties of the hay crop and the milk supply do not touch us so often. In the Middle Ages only a very few people had butter or milk in the winter because the farmers had not the means to feed or keep their cows.

In future, perhaps, these misfortunes will come less often. Fertilisers for crops are well known, and if grasslands were rightly fertilised they would feed twice as many cows.

It has been calculated that, taking the Empire as a whole, its grasslands could be so improved by chemical fertilisers that they would support 300 million cattle—nearly twice as many as now. Science could also do a great deal toward storing and preserving the hay earlier, better, and much longer, so that a bad year would be less disastrous.

A LITTLE BIRD IN THE STRAND

The other week Mother London, who never finishes her spring cleaning, sent up some workmen to scour the golden statue of Peter, Earl of Savoy, which stands at the entrance to the Savoy Hotel in the Strand.

Under the shelter of his shield they found a swallow's nest. The wise birds chose one of London's highest statues for the hiding-place of their nursery. It is pleasant to think of the warrior protecting the nestlings high up above London's traffic.

Only the other day we heard of a Cockney pigeon which kept bringing hairpins and string to a lady's bathroom. She kept throwing them away, but after a country visit she returned, to find the pigeon sitting on a hairpin nest built on her bathroom shelf among the bath salts and bottles. As there were two eggs she felt obliged to give in and Mrs. Pigeon triumphed.

RAILWAYS AND THEIR BEAUTIFUL WORLD

LETTING PEOPLE KNOW ABOUT IT

The Splendid Guide-Books of the Great Western

BETTER THAN HOARDINGS

Someone said the other day to the Editor of the C.N. after returning from a holiday spent in wandering about the Cotswolds that the longer she lived the more she thought England the most beautiful place in the world.

More English people are beginning to think that than ever before, because more are learning to know England better; and among the greatest promoters of this awakening are the railways.

The railways themselves have wakened up to the need of letting people know the lovely and memorable places which the steel rails reach; and a better example of the way in which it is made known could not be found than in the publications of the Great Western Railway.

Glimpses of History

The Great Western Railway has a wonderful territory to reveal, unexampled treasures of English history in abbey, cathedral, and castle to disclose, and it has made most generous use of its opportunity. The territory stretching from Paddington to Penzance is like an unfolded roll of English history. In far Lyonesse the Phoenician traders unfolded their wares before Britons who had never heard of Rome. The Saxon Conquest rolled past Stonehenge, past the Roman camps and British earthworks, to Bath and the Severn. And the Great Western guide-books will not let you miss a step of the way.

One guide-book which the railway publishes is like a friend who sits by the carriage window with the traveller to tell him that beyond that clump of trees lie the Thames and Runnymede, where King John signed Magna Carta; or that the White Horse on the hill by Warminster was cut by the men of Hengist and tended by Australian troopers in 1915. Every church spire, every castle, every distant vista, has its word from this unerring guide, and the railway journey to Plymouth or Penzance has all the charm of a story with pictures. The guide-book itself, at the price of a cake of chocolate, is a memento to keep.

Travellers of All Nations

That is only one of such mementoes. There is another book dedicated to Travellers of All Nations (and costing no more than a very small cake of chocolate) which is filled with photographs of an artistic beauty that twenty years ago was unknown to any traveller, all of them showing historic sites and scenes in England. Milton's Cottage at Chalfont St. Giles is here, and the endearing reach of the Thames at Maidenhead. There is a view of Oxford, the city of spires and lost causes, and the moated beauty of Warwick Castle. There is Harlech Castle, and the perpendicular architecture of Wells Cathedral, and Tintern Abbey glorious in decay.

Symonds Yat—how the ineffable charm of that bend of the Wye looks out at us from these pages! Monnow Bridge at Monmouth is a revelation, and Dunster Castle, set on its hill of trees with the river babbling below, begs us to come to see it.

Cornwall and Devon

If we should desire closer acquaintance there are what we may fitly describe as volumes (except that volumes are seldom so cheap) on the Cornish Riviera and that glorious Devon which embraces in its boundaries Exeter Cathedral and Plymouth Hoe, Exmoor and Dartmoor, and some of the loveliest little rivers in the world. All are pictured here. In the Cornish book are St. Michael's Mount,

A GREAT RACE

16,000 Pigeons Fly Home

By Our Hungary Correspondent

We have often thought that there can be few prettier sights in this world than that of a flight of pigeons fluttering upward into a blue Monte Carlo sky, and then we have remembered with a horrid qualm for what purpose they are set free.

Those who rose early enough in Budapest the other day could see the same sight, only a hundred times more beautiful, with no horrid qualm to follow, for sixteen thousand pigeons were released there one dewy morning, not to be slaughtered as at Monte Carlo, but to show how fast they could fly homeward.

The Pigeon Train

They were carrier pigeons, and they had been brought all the way from Germany in a special train (31 railway carriages full to the brim) to take part in this pigeon Jamboree. Needless to say, they were received in state, like any other group of distinguished visitors, by the Hungarians, who love all true sport and have a soft spot in their hearts for all dumb creatures, feathered or furred. They stayed but one night, hardly long enough to see the sights of the town, and were due to start home again at five the next morning.

But it is with them as with other long-distance aviators: atmospheric conditions must be taken into consideration, and at first these seemed anything but favourable. The patiently-waiting crowd began to fear that it had sacrificed its morning sleep in vain. But at last telephone messages from various towns in Austria announced that the aerial road was clear, and punctually at six o'clock two thousand osier cages were opened and two thousand pairs of snowy, silvery, slatey, and honey-coloured wings shot upward and, with an unerring instinct, westward.

A Few Casualties

They belonged to the first batch of entries, those which had come from Hamburg, Hanover, and the Rhine districts and had the longest distance to fly. It is 1050 kilometres from Budapest to Hamburg as the crow and the pigeon fly, and the brave little travellers were expected to do the trip in about 15 to 17 hours—those of them which arrived, that is, for among 16,000 there were bound to be a few casualties. But it is one thing to fall honourably in the exercise of your profession, and another to be butchered as you fly stupefied from a cage for the amusement of a few bad sportsmen at Monte Carlo.

Continued from the previous column

and the rocky bastions of Land's End and Tintagel, and many a famous port and river.

Lastly, costing a little more, but magnificently done, are the big books on Castles, Abbeys, and Cathedrals, or the smaller cheaper local ones (published through Messrs. Dent) of the Cathedrals, Abbeys, and famous Churches of districts such as Bristol and Bath, or Gloucester and Tewkesbury. The bigger and more comprehensive books are written by famous authorities; the smaller ones are not less to be valued. Both series are wonderfully cheap, and they are a remarkable example of the enterprise of the great railway which authorises and produces them.

Advertising is coming more and more into a dignity of its own, and we hope for the day when advertisers everywhere will cease to vulgarise the countryside with their hoardings, and will prefer to impress the public in the wise and noble (and efficient) manner adopted by the Great Western Railway.

ONE OF NATURE'S GENTLEMEN

A Soldier's Gratitude

THE WONDERFUL SURGERY OF THE GREAT WAR

In a recent issue the C.N. mentioned the return to Canada of the last member of the Canadian army, Major J. Gillies, cured of a terrible wound after fourteen operations spread over more than ten years. Our record of this cure has brought us a letter from another soldier similarly cured, his object being to pay a tribute to the wonderful surgery by which these cures were effected.

Our correspondent, R. Evans, D.C.M. (late Sergeant 1st Herts Regiment), says he believes the jaw of Major J. Gillies was restored chiefly by operations performed by his namesake, Major H. D. Gillies. He expresses admiration and gratitude for his own cure in this way:

"I had my top jaw shot away in 1916, and came under Major H. D. Gillies in a military hospital. A deep and lasting impression was made on me by the courtesy and kindness with which he treated us all as well as by his skill. He even dressed my wounds himself after an operation, and visited me at night to see if I was comfortable, though he was up to his eyes in work.

Praise Where It Is Due

"Today, instead of being hideously deformed, my features are almost normal, and I am happily married. I owe much of my happiness to the marvellous surgery of Major Gillies.

"Praise for such work as his is long overdue. I have often felt that the rewards and praise seem to go astray. I know you believe in giving praise where it is due. Ordinary soldiers received as much of his care as the officers. He was one of Nature's gentlemen."

Much of the noblest work in the world will always be done in quietude and silence, unknown to the multitude, and those who do it are content that it shall be so. Of true Virtue it has been rightly said "No lover of glory is she"; but it is most right and honourable that gratitude should have its say, as in this tribute to a fine expert in surgery.

THE PAPER ON THE WALL

How Old Is It?

Once again the world has found that one of its common beliefs is wrong.

We used to say that wallpapers were brought from the East in the eighteenth century and became general in the nineteenth century; then in the twentieth people got tired of these comparatively modern things and went back to the good old-fashioned way of covering walls with panelling or whitewash.

But the Victoria and Albert Museum has upset all this by publishing its first catalogue of wallpapers, proving that they existed in 1481, if not earlier. They did not come to Europe from the East, for the earliest designs are Western, and Chinese designs were only used toward the end of the seventeenth century.

One heraldic paper of the sixteenth century was found lining an old box at Longwiton Hall, Morpeth, and a piece of the same paper was discovered sticking to the lath and plaster of an old house in Worcester, while yet another piece was found lining a small deed-box at the Public Record Office.

Wallpapers were often used to bind books or line boxes, and many interesting examples may still await discovery.

TWO MEN FROM TUSKEGEE

FINE EXAMPLES TO THEIR RACE

Dark Child Whose Mother Was Stolen From Her Home

STAYING AMONG THEIR PEOPLE

In the Tuskegee Institute in Alabama there are two teachers whose story tells what the Negro of America can do and is doing for himself.

Tuskegee, it will be remembered, is an institute in which American Negroes are trained by members of their race to lead their own people. It was founded by Booker Washington, himself the son of a slave, who became one of the greatest citizens of the United States.

The story of the two teachers is told by Sir Gordon Guggisberg, a friend of all the dark people; in a book he has written for the Student Christian Movement on the Future of the Negro.

An Incident of the Civil War

During the last year of the war between the North and South (he says) a dark child was stolen from his home, and his mother, a slave, who was carried off with him, was never heard of again. The child, however, whose name was George Washington Carver, was rescued and given back to his mother's old master. At the end of the war slavery was abolished, and the boy worked on as a domestic servant in his old home till he was nineteen. Being no longer a slave he received wages, and he saved enough to pay for his education.

Now he is one of the leading men of science in America and a member of learned societies in this country. He has made many useful discoveries, and it is to him we owe the many products of the peanut, the sweet potato, and the pecan nut, as well as many valuable dyes. If he cared to make money from these discoveries he could soon make a large fortune, but he prefers to stay at Tuskegee among his own people.

A Good-Natured Giant

The second of the two men is not named, but Sir Gordon Guggisberg describes him as a good-natured giant who thirty years ago left his little shack and tramped hundreds of miles to Tuskegee, earning his living on the way by chopping wood and doing other odd jobs. But when he arrived at the institute he found, to his great grief, that it was full up.

The tall, lanky youth was not prepared to give up hope, however. He managed to find some work on the school farm, earned a little by acting as barber, and thus got a footing in the institute and paid for his training. Today he is field agent for the U.S.A. Department of Agriculture, and his duties cover seven States. He might have been president of more than one college, but he, too, stays at Tuskegee among his own people.

The Hope of Their Race

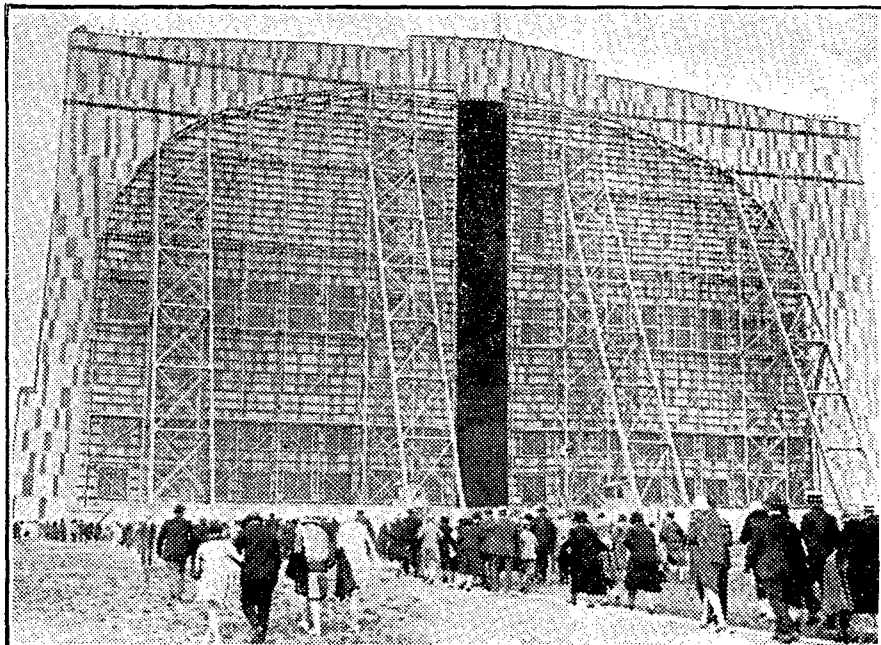
There are many more like these men, and they are the great hope of their race, which is slowly and steadily making progress in America, as the following figures show: In 1866 the Negroes of America possessed four million pounds; now they have four hundred million. In 1866 they worked twenty thousand farms; in 1926, one million. In 1866 they had fifteen colleges; in 1926 five hundred. But greater than all these facts is the life-story of such men as Booker Washington and the fine company at Tuskegee.

September 7, 1929

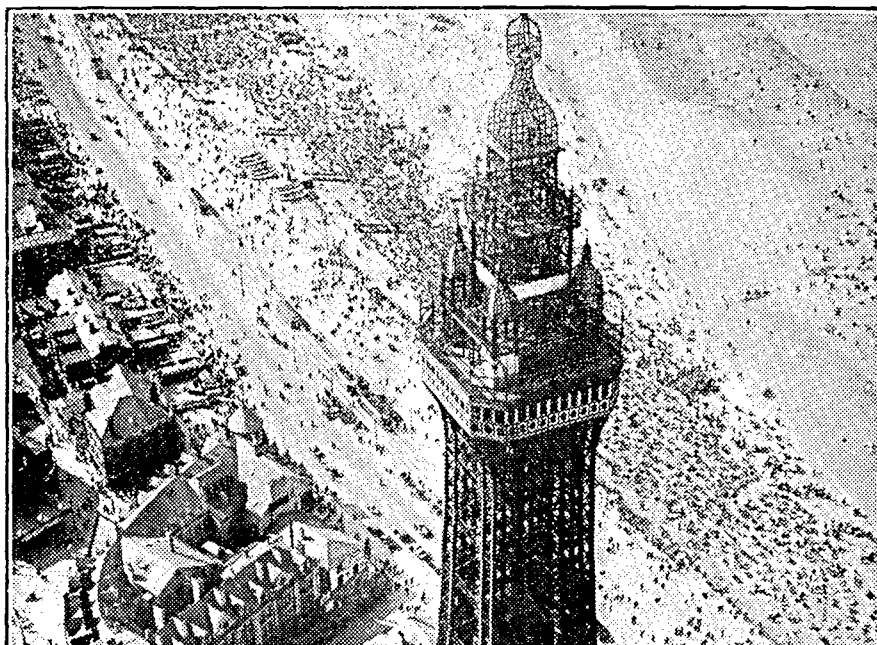
The Children's Newspaper

9

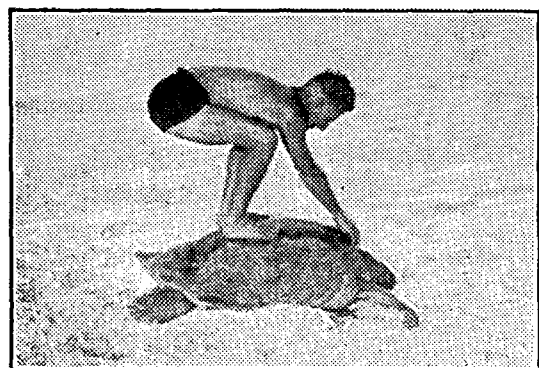
CATHEDRAL PLAY · LOOKING DOWN ON BLACKPOOL · UNSPOILED VILLAGE



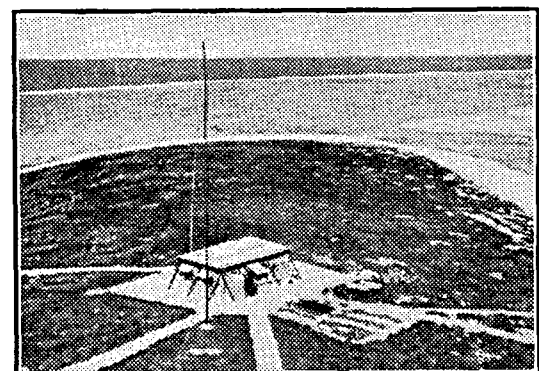
An Airship Station—Here is the airship shed at Lakehurst, near New York, the official finishing-point of the Graf Zeppelin's world cruise. The shed is bigger than some cathedrals.



Lancashire's Holiday Resort—This view from an aeroplane shows the top of the famous tower at Blackpool, with thousands of holiday-makers on the sands far below.



Riding a Turtle—One of the diversions of the staff on the little island shown below is turtle-riding.



A Lonely Place—On page 1 is a description of Willis Island, 250 miles off the Queensland coast, on which there is a weather observatory. Here is a picture of half the island taken from the top of the aerial mast.



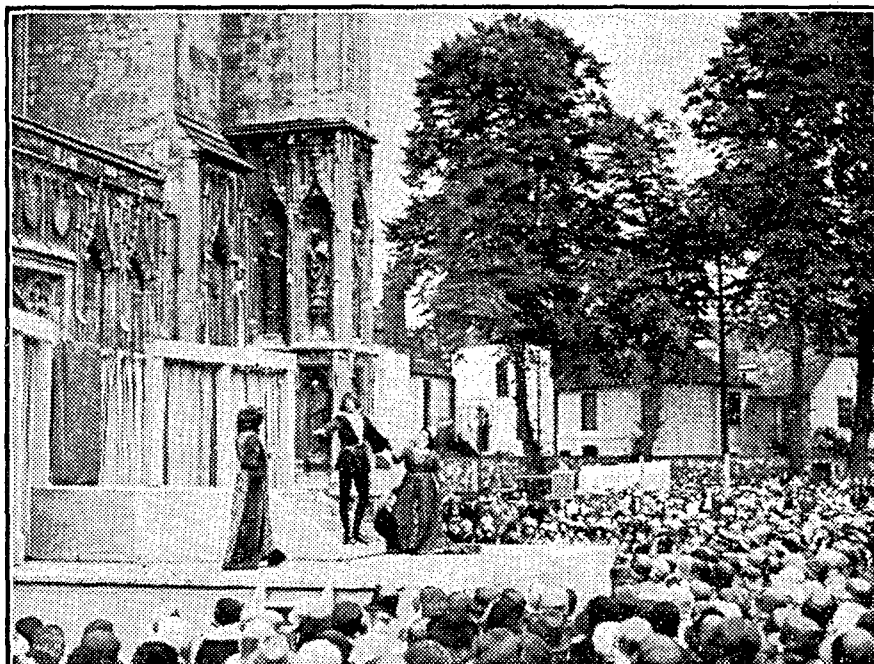
Setting Their House in Order—Booboo and Peggy, two of the chimpanzees that take part in the famous tea-parties at the London Zoo, are helping the keeper to clean up their cage. The pail used in the cleaning operations was found to make an excellent armchair.



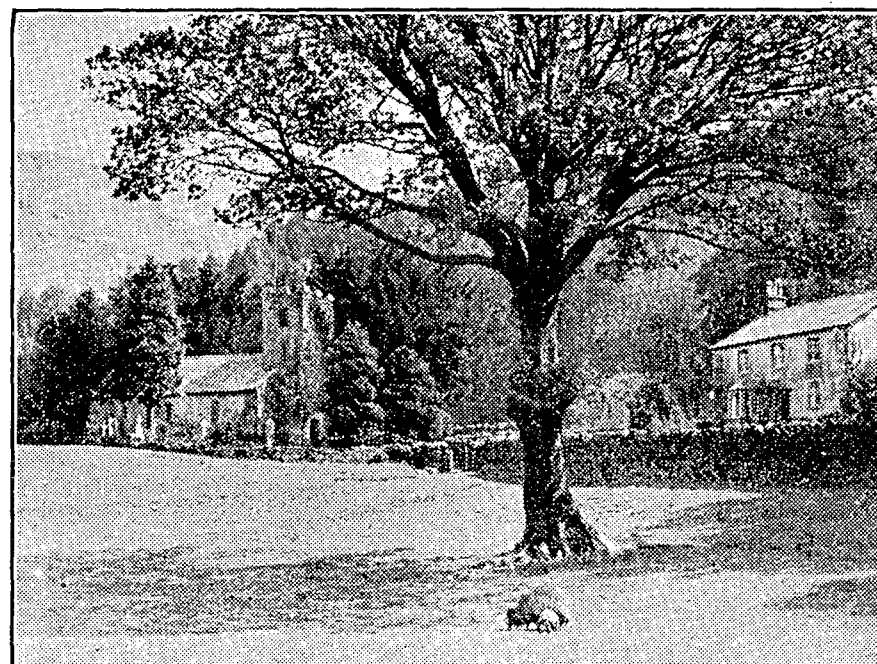
An Old-Fashioned Wedding—This wedding procession in old costume was seen the other day in the little village of Huelgoat in Brittany.



A Village Not Yet Spoiled—There are still villages in England that jerry buildings and Aunt Sallys have not spoiled. This is the main street of one of them—Chiddingstone, in the Weald of Kent. See page 10.



Cathedral Play—The Canterbury Cathedral Music Festival, which lasted a week, opened with a performance of *Everyman* outside the cathedral, as seen here.



Church to be Moved—A scheme to provide water for Manchester by enlarging Lake Haweswater, will submerge the village of Mardale. This old church may be rebuilt elsewhere.

PROHIBITION SAFE NOBODY WANTS TO ABOLISH IT

The Remarkable Things All
Americans Agree About

A QUESTION OF TIME

So much is written in English newspapers about the opposition to the Prohibition Law in America and the failure of its provisions that it is interesting to have a clear statement of the position from an Englishman who has lived many years in New York and has just been on a visit to the Old Country.

One of the first things we must get into our heads, he says, is that no one suggests abolishing Prohibition altogether. The people called Wets in America would be thought extraordinarily Dry in England. To begin with, they would not reopen the saloons. We should think anyone here who wanted to close all the public-houses a fairly advanced temperance advocate.

Settled Once For All

Again, they would not allow drink advertisements in newspapers. They would forbid the sale of alcohol on trains, in refreshment rooms, and in theatres, and they would leave Local Option to each of the 48 States. It will be a great day for our Drys when they have realised for England the programme of the American Wets.

But the fact is that very little interest is taken in America in the programme of the Wets. It is not taken seriously by the politicians. The whole thing is regarded as settled once for all. And for very good reasons. Prohibition cannot be abolished unless at least 36 out of the 48 States demand it. If more than twelve stand out the law remains a part of the American Constitution. The Southern States, with their Negro problem, would not dare to call for the return of the saloon, and such States number more than twelve.

All Against It

Employers of labour would vote against it (and Big Business is very powerful in American politics). A firm distributing its goods by motor-lorries stated that it had saved £3000 a year on the insurance of its drivers since Prohibition came in, and for the first time it could count on deliveries taking place on a Monday!

The women would vote against it, for they want the money to spend on household needs.

Social workers of all kinds would vote against it. In the old days the Salvation Army in New York had an annual festival for the saving of Down and Outs; now they search the parks in vain for Down and Outs, and the festival is devoted to country holidays for poor children instead.

No Change Likely

One of the changes in the law most talked of is an increase in the limit of alcohol allowed in non-alcoholic drinks; but if the Volstead Act were altered in the way suggested the American Supreme Court would at once be asked to declare the new law void on the ground that it was contrary to the Constitution; and the High Court would almost certainly agree.

It has to be admitted, of course, that in certain classes of society the Prohibition Law is widely evaded, with very unhappy results; but it is not doubted that time will make a change as a generation that is accustomed to the law grows up. The stupidity of boy and girl undergraduates who think it smart to carry flasks in their pockets and vanity-bags may be regarded as certain to pass, and to give place before long to a more worthy attitude toward the law of their country.

THE SWALLOW HOUSE

Lodgings for 100,000

Swallows, which the sparrows were said to be crowding out of their nests in England a year or so ago, would soon increase in numbers among us if as much British hospitality were shown to them as in Brazil.

Years ago the market building of Campinas, Brazil, was thick with swallows' nests, but the citizens of Campinas did not treat their swallows as the City treated the pigeons of St. Paul's.

They built a new market house in the square and turned the old one into a Municipal Bird House. In this Swallow House a hundred thousand swallows make their home, and repay the good citizens of Campinas by making war on Brazil's insect pests.

All the inhabitants are proud of this Swallow House, and when the birds migrate in autumn the people clean the place for them and make everything tidy for their return.

FOR LOVE OF A RIVER New Way of Making Friends

In Geneva this summer two countries joined to celebrate the festival of a river.

The French and the Swiss decided to follow the example of their beloved Rhône, which flows through both their countries on its way to the sea and takes no notice whatever of the frontier which divides them.

So, with folk-songs of Savoy and yodelling of Valais, with the farandole of Provence, the rhythmic swing of the Rhône boatmen, and the gallant horsemanship of the Guardians of the southern plains, all combined to celebrate with song and dance their love of the noble river which means so much to the lands through which it passes.

WHISTLING FOR HIS LIVING

For fifteen years Mr. Bird has sat in Clayton Square, Liverpool, and whistled for his living.

In that city there is a restriction as to the number of taxis that may be parked in the streets, and to prevent the taximen breaking this rule, and to help them in their work, Mr. Bird sits on an orange box and signals to them by his whistle.

Perhaps someone takes a taxi at Central Station. That glides off, and Mr. Bird sees taxi two slip forward to take its place. From his orange box, some distance away in Clayton Square, he whistles to taxi three in the square, which goes forward to replace two at the station. Then taxi four draws into the square from a corner fifty yards away, and taxi five goes to the corner.

Since the beginning of the war Mr. Bird has whistled for his living in this way, and each taximan pays him a shilling a week. Now, at 62, he has worn out four whistles and sounded about fifty thousand blasts.

TO ANY LITTER LOUT WHOSE EYE FALLS ON THIS

I went this morning into Battersea Park and was surprised to see so few enjoying its beauties. There were evident signs that it had been well patronised the day before (Sunday), for in every direction the gardeners were busy sweeping up the paper and other litter left by the careless and untidy visitors.

What a waste of time this is, and how much more could be done in beautifying this park if the money frittered away in doing this unnecessary work could be devoted to the formation and upkeep of more flower borders. Dame Beatrix Lyall

JOHN SPRATT & HIS WONDERFUL CLOCK

A news telegram from Budapest tells of a convict who during twenty years' imprisonment has made a remarkable clock, fashioned entirely of wood even to the tiniest wheel.

Well, the C.N. is delighted to say that a Wiltshire man has made an equally wonderful clock without going to prison even for a day.

John Kingston Spratt, of Wootton-Rivers, began working on a farm when seven years old. He got a little schooling, for which he paid twopence a week. When he was about twenty the young labourer got hold of an old and apparently useless watch. He tinkered with it, and got it to work. From that day to this, when he is 71, he has loved clocks, mended them, and made them without any training at all.

He has been a postman and a parish clerk as well, but he will chiefly be remembered as a clockmaker.

The Pride of the Village

One day in 1911 there was a meeting in the village to discuss the purchase of a church clock. There was not enough money, and everyone was feeling crestfallen when John Spratt boldly offered to make one. People smiled at the joke, but they found that it was not a joke at all.

From parts of bicycles, bedsteads, fire-irons, reaping machines, chaff-cutters, perambulators, old saws, and a host of other scrap-iron John Spratt made his clock, and it has been the pride of the village ever since.

It is not only a perfect timekeeper, but has a unique set of chimes, arranged on only five bells. There is a different set of chimes for each quarter from 12 to six, so that the man at work in the fields out of sight of the dial can tell the hour as well as the quarter by the chiming. No wonder Wootton-Rivers is proud of its church clock.

For his own cottage Mr. Spratt has made a grandfather clock which plays 140 tunes. It has an elaborately-carved case of oak, and he had no better tool for this work than an old table knife. Many other clocks has he made, and they all chime, for he holds Shakespeare's opinion concerning the man that hath no music in himself.

Clocks From Scrap-Iron

Not long ago he had to go to Saver-nake Hospital for an operation, and as a thankoffering for his recovery he made two clocks which work like slot machines. When a visitor inserts a coin he gets a tune in return, and so the clocks collect money for the hospital.

There are very few unprofessional clockmakers who could make the things John Spratt has made, even with the proper tools and materials. He has been able to make chiming clocks from scrap-iron and table knives because he is a mechanical genius. But he shakes his head and laughs when anyone calls him a genius or a wizard. "No, no," he says, "I'm nothing but the scrap-heap clockmaker."

Perhaps he teaches us more lessons than one. Perhaps the whole art of life lies in turning things that seem hopeless and useless into things of triumph. Not once or twice but many times the stone which was rejected by the builders has become the head of the corner.

BEAUTY UNTOUCHED FOR CENTURIES

Having been reading in the C.N. of the beauty that is passing away, a good reader sends us a picture of her village, with a beauty that "has remained untouched for centuries."

It is Chiddingstone in Kent, one of the rarest of those lovely villages which lie in the Weald, at the foot of that great plateau round Sevenoaks which is just now, in its summer dress, one of the incomparable glories of the English countryside. *Picture on page 9*

BIG BROWNIE'S BAD DEED

The Misdoings of a
Tawny Owl

A GRIM TALE OF VANISHED CHICKENS

By Our Natural Historian

Little Brown Owls are Girl Guides in the tiny tot stage, pledged, like their seniors, to at least one good deed a day. The Big Brownie of this story is a great tawny owl, pledged by nature to what seems to us at least one ill deed a day.

Irish readers may well hold their breath in wonder as they read, for they have no more brown owls in Ireland than they have snakes. And country readers will marvel too, perhaps, when they learn that the setting of the story is wooded, leafy London, within four miles of Charing Cross. Book naturalists will share the surprise of the others, for they declare that the big brown owl stirs abroad only after nightfall.

A Fierce Attack

Picture, then, a fine old London garden, glorious with giant trees, with two men sitting out in the open and the evening Sun shining as brightly over all as at noonday. Suddenly and soundlessly, like a sable cloud, down before their very noses swoops a huge owl. There is a little piping squeal, and it is seen that the owl has gripped a chicken in its talons.

A rush by one of the men drives off the fierce assailant, but not before the victim's back is almost stripped of flesh. The chick is popped into the coop where its mother is clucking out her Morse S O S, and the big brown owl wings its way, as silently as it came, up into the densely-clothed boughs of an ancient elm.

There was something rather horrible in the incident—a pretty little chick almost torn asunder by a frightful bird of prey which practice had emboldened to commit the outrage within arm's reach of the friends of the little bird.

A Mystery Solved

So, very reluctantly, a gun was fetched, and the owl, which apparently preferred to keep a blinking eye on the hen coop rather than take refuge in further flight, was shot. For the ill that it had that evening attempted in the presence of those two witnesses cleared up a mystery.

That maimed chicken was the twenty-sixth of its kind which had disappeared since the spring. So many chicks had gone forth from the coops each morning, and day by day the number had grown fewer when the evening count came to be made. The hens had laid eggs which had turned into chickens; the owl and its mate had snatched up chickens which in the course of a few hours had become part of the system of a nestful of young owls.

Justice For Owls

Are we then to condemn owls as the enemies of man? That would be unjust. If the nest and its surroundings had been searched there would have been found the remains of mice, rats, young wood pigeons, sparrows, and other enemies of the garden and the home. The place where the owls still survive was once part of a great forest which embraced all London, where deer and wild boars, foxes, wolves, and badgers were lords.

The owls have not intruded; the houses have, on the contrary, intruded upon the owls, and the chickens shared the intrusion. A general charge against owls is not to follow such a misadventure as this. Men who know the facts, instead of condemning owls, plead for an Act of Parliament protecting them all the year from human violence. E. A. B.

EARTH APPROACHING JUPITER

900 MILES NEARER
EVERY MINUTE

The Mystery of the Great
Red Spot

WHAT IS IT?

By the C.N. Astronomer

On Wednesday Saturn will appear not far from the Moon, above and a little to the right of her.

As the Earth is now rapidly leaving Saturn behind he is appearing smaller, and so less bright. He is now, about 90 million miles farther off than when at his nearest to us, in the middle of June, and in a few weeks he will be lost to view.

However, the evening sky during the autumn and winter months will be lit up by another and still more radiant orb, for as Saturn is setting in the south-west Jupiter is rising in the north-west. He may be seen low down near the horizon soon after 11 o'clock; but as he rises about half an hour earlier each week he will soon be a prominent feature of the evening sky.

The Earth is rapidly approaching Jupiter. Every minute brings this



The position of Jupiter next week between Aldebaran and Nath

great planet 900 miles nearer, for the Earth in this part of her orbit is travelling almost directly toward him. At present Jupiter is about 470 million miles away; by December, when at his nearest he will be some 90 million miles nearer.

This great planet is just now almost exactly midway between the bright reddish star Aldebaran and the bright second-magnitude star Nath, or Beta in Taurus, the three luminaries being in a line, as shown in the star-map.

As Jupiter is just now travelling in an easterly direction he will not remain more than approximately in line with these two stars for the next week or so. But at the beginning of October Jupiter will begin to retrograde, retracing his planetary movements, so that by the end of October he will be back where he is now. It will be interesting to watch these apparently wandering motions, which are chiefly due to the fact that our world revolves in an orbit within that of Jupiter.

A Vast Oval

The chief object of interest on Jupiter during the coming season is likely to be the Great Red Spot, which last year assumed a pinkish tint and showed signs of reviving its old glories.

It has been known for half a century, and became conspicuous in 1878. This so-called spot is a vast oval area, some 30,000 miles long from east to west and 7000 miles wide, that exists on the southern edge of Jupiter's South Equatorial Belt.

At one time it appeared as if a sort of colossal Australian continent was forming on Jupiter. From 1879 till 1883; it was deep red, like glowing lava; then it faded, and finally left only the deep indentation at the edge of the Belt.

It is now known to be a feature in the higher regions of Jupiter's very dense and cloud-laden atmosphere, travelling independently round the planet's sphere. The mystery is What caused it? and Why does it persist if purely atmospheric? G. F. M.

THE ELEPHANT'S LITTLE JOKE

Why a Crack Was
Mended

GETTING THINGS DONE IN THE EAST

An English officer who was borrowed by an Indian ruler to help him to administer his State has told a pleasant tale about a certain elephant.

This enthusiastic young officer wanted to bring the officials up to date, so that papers should not get lost, nor justice be delayed, nor revenue stolen. But the officials smiled politely, and refused to take any real trouble over his card indexes and files. It was so hot! Tomorrow would do.

He could not even get them to mend a huge crack in the wall of an office belonging to one of the State Departments. He pointed out that it was disgraceful, and even dangerous, but there was always some good reason why the matter should be delayed. It was so hot! Tomorrow would do.

A Huge and Hideous Din

One morning while he sat in this office trying to get a large staff of dreamy officials to take an interest in modern business methods the room was suddenly filled by a huge and hideous din. Moreover a mighty cyclone burst upon it, whirling all the papers into the air. It was as if a host of demons had swept down upon the office.

When the horrible noise stopped and the wind died down two of the clerks were found fainting, and the others suffering from shock in varying degrees.

But the noise did not come from any of the many evil spirits in which India believes. One of the royal elephants strolling through the palace precincts had thrust his trunk through the crack in the wall and trumpeted!

Then, after years of vain beseeching, the crack in the wall was mended.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address.

What is the Meaning of Carex?

This is the scientific name for the great genus of plants known as sedges.

What is Eternity?

Eternity is a word derived from the Latin which is used to describe an indefinite or infinite duration of time. The word means lasting for ever.

When Were the French Arms Dropped From the Royal Standard of England?

By the Treaty of Amiens in 1802 the King of England formally relinquished the title of King of France and the fleurs-de-lis which had adorned the Royal shield for five and a half centuries were removed.

Were There Ever Iron Foundries in Sussex?

Yes; iron ore was mined in Sussex, and there were many iron foundries there because there was plenty of wood fuel for smelting, the country being formerly covered with forests. In Defoe's time there were ten blast furnaces in Sussex, and the present railings of St. Paul's Cathedral in London were cast in Sussex.

Why is the Earth's Axis Inclined to the Plane of its Orbit?

Because the Earth is spinning on its axis and, like a peg-top that wobbles round as it spins, the Earth wobbles. It makes a complete wobble in 26,000 years, so that in 13,000 years it will have made half a wobble and the axis will be inclined in a direction exactly opposite to that in which it is inclined now.

Who Invented Wireless?

No one person. In 1867 James Clerk Maxwell in England announced the existence of the electric waves now used in wireless. Twenty years later Professor Hertz in Germany produced such waves, but it was Marconi who in 1895 first changed laboratory experiments into actual wireless signalling, using a coherer for detecting the wireless waves, invented in 1892 by Branly but improved by himself.

YOUTH AT THE HELM

Enough of This Waiting
LET US GET ON

Never has any subject been more talked about and written about than the building of houses fit for working people to live in and rented at a figure which ordinary wages will pay, but nearly everywhere the houses needed are not produced. How can it be done?

Well, the Northumberland Presbyterian Church Bible Classes of North Shields seem to have omitted the talking and writing about it and to have begun by actually doing it. They have formed what they call the Square Building Trust, have bought two acres of land on which to build 24 houses, and have straightway begun to build six. Within two months the roofs were on four of the houses and the other two were started.

But how about capital? Well, the Young Men's Bible Class and the Girls' Bible Class united to visit every house in the borough and ask for donations or loans at 2½ per cent, hoping in one week to raise £2000 at the rate of £300 a day. They have raised £2500 as a financial foundation on which to start.

Exhilarating Enterprise

This is breathless work compared with the paralysed dawdling to be seen in many places. The houses, judged by the plans, are of the kind most needed. Below they have a good-sized living-room and a scullery, with all the necessary amenities, including a bath; and above are three well-separated bedrooms.

Their success in moving things quickly has made the members of the classes jubilant, as may be seen in their magazine, which has reached the C.N. Like all the doings of this Presbyterian organisation of youth, it is breezy. The desire to get things done stirs through it. We have not the details of the Trust's financial projects and so cannot discuss that side of the scheme, but the spirit of the whole enterprise is exhilarating, and we do not see why it should not be a movement which is sound as well as stimulating.

KEEPING OUR RAILWAYS IN TRIM

Cost of Safety First

Safety First costs our railway companies at least forty million pounds a year, apart from the hundred millions spent on the general wages bill.

The countless journeys made on Britain's 51,000 miles of railway could never be made in safety if every yard of the track were not continually inspected. To ensure safety four million creosoted sleepers are needed every year, and nearly two million cubic yards of ballast are packed to make the track level for the weight of expresses, goods trains, and the leisurely local trains.

Signalling alone costs two million pounds a year, and the regular overhauling of 24,000 engines is a big safety item, as necessary as the upkeep of carriages and trucks and the repairing of bridges. Nearly ten thousand tons of paint and varnish are used every year, and for repairs alone 21 million bricks are needed.

The familiar wooden sleepers on our railroads may one day be replaced by more durable ones of steel. This would bring more trade to British steelmakers, but in any case the railways are among their best customers with their yearly need of 210,000 steel rails. The coal trade, too, is helped by the railways, which require sixteen million tons of coal a year.

If it be safer to travel by rail, this safety is the result of unlimited perseverance and toil, of watching by day and night, and of the spending of vast sums of money when the strictest economy is sorely needed.



Full of Life and Energy

MERRY and happy—full of energy and romping fun—every father and mother delights in this evidence of glorious health.

The energy and vitality children are so prodigal in spending have to be made good from the energy-creating elements to be obtained only from nourishment. The children are growing—physically and mentally—and nourishment is essential for healthy growth.

During the growing years of childhood more nourishment is necessary than ordinary food contains. Children need "Ovaltine" as their daily beverage, for this delicious food beverage supplies concentrated nourishment in an easily digested form.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from the richest of Nature's tonic foods—malt, milk and eggs. It contains a superabundance of the nutritive elements which build up brain and body and create energy and vitality.

Make "Ovaltine" your children's daily beverage. Note their increased energy and vitality, and see on their cheeks the glow which comes only from the enjoyment of perfect health.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland,
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

THREE DOGS AN OLD TALE COMES TO LIGHT

One Stormy Night in March
About 40 Years Ago

JACK, FIDO, AND TIP

A foreman who was tidying up some goods sheds in San Francisco made a strange discovery the other day.

He had moved a great pile of rubbish out of a corner, and found on the brick wall thus revealed a marble plaque shaped like a tombstone. Carved on it were the likenesses of three dogs, inscribed Jack, Fido, and Tip.

He read the inscription, which told him something about the three dogs, but he learned more by questioning some very old men who had worked in the sheds 38 years ago.

Three Burglars

A street car company owned the buildings then. The drivers and conductors were always coming and going, and every man had a kind word or a tit-bit for the dogs. Jack, Fido, and Tip did not belong to one man, but to all the men. They knew all their masters, and welcomed them joyously each morning. At night the dogs slept on the premises, looking after the street cars and the office and making the night watchman feel a good deal happier for their presence.

The night of March 9, 1891, was dark and stormy, and the night watchman heard no human steps nor any sound of a tool while three burglars were cutting through a brick wall to reach the office safe. But the dogs, with their keener senses, heard. All at once the night watchman was startled by a storm of barking in the distance. He ran in that direction, to find three burglars beating a retreat.

Then he discovered the dogs, staggering about in their death throes. When the dogs sprang the burglars must have thrown them poisoned meat.

"These men are strangers," poor, silly old Jack must have said; "but this meat is juicy and fresh. I shall stop barking a minute to gulp it down." He was not human enough to know that it is never safe to take food from a stranger.

The Inscription

When the men came to work next morning and saw the dead bodies of their pets they were very unhappy. Every single workman gave a sum of money, big or small, to pay for a memorial to their three friends, and a fine piece of marble was set up, engraved with the likenesses of the dogs, and with this inscription:

Erected by the Employees
of the Haight Street Cable Car Line
And P. & O. Railroad

To the Memory of Their Three Dogs,
JACK, FIDO, and TIP.

In Life They Were Intelligent,
Noble, and Affectionate, and Were
Cruelly Poisoned by Burglars
on the morning of March 9, 1891.
And Nobly Perished
at the Post of Duty.

Jack, Fido, and Tip, ill-fated three,
Poor dead playfellows, a sad bequest,
Faithful to the last, now you're free;
Sleep on for ever, peaceful be your rest.

It was a long time before the men ceased to feel a little heartache when no dog welcomed them with wagging tail and lolling tongue. But as the years went by, and men changed work or retired, the dogs were forgotten. Rubbish accumulated and buildings changed hands.

Now that the memorial has been brought to light the new owners say it shall not be allowed to get neglected and hidden again. Jack, Fido, and Tip will be remembered so long as San Francisco stands.

ANOTHER BOGEY GONE

LAW v. WAR

No Danger to Anglo-Saxondom
at the World Court

FACTS ABOUT CASES

One of the difficulties about settling international disputes by law instead of by war has always been disagreement about international law. If you are to settle a question by law you must know what the law is.

The International Court of Justice at The Hague has been at work for nine years now, and this particular difficulty has been found much less serious on the whole than had been expected. Many questions turn simply on what is thought to be just and fair, and trained judges generally think alike as to the principles which should guide such decisions, whatever nation they happen to belong to.

Two Schools of Thought

It was said by Sir Austen Chamberlain the other day that one objection to The Hague Tribunal was that the Anglo-Saxon countries belong to an "Anglo-American school of thought" based on English common law, while other members of the League belong to a "Continental school" which, whether its people are Latins, Germans, or Slavs, looks back to Roman law for its inspiration.

This was given by Sir Austen Chamberlain as a reason why Britain, instead of signing the Optional Clause and referring all legal disputes to The Hague, should preserve her freedom to lay her disputes before an Anglo-Saxon tribunal, at least so far as differences with America were concerned. The fear was expressed that in disputes submitted to The Hague the British and American judges might find their interpretation of the law outvoted by a score of Continental judges taking the opposite view.

Remembering that The Hague Court has already been at work for eight years, and has already given over thirty decisions, a student of law set to work to examine these judgments to see whether the opinion of the judges had ever been divided in this particular way.

Division of the Judges

He found that out of 27 cases in which British and American judges had taken part there was no single instance of their being on one side and the Continental judges on the other! In fifteen of the 27 the Court was unanimous. In nine of the remaining cases the English and American judges were members of a majority and in two cases they were members of a minority, there being Continental judges on the same side as themselves in every case. In the one remaining case the American judge was on one side with six others and the British judge on the other side with four others.

Of course there are differences between English common law and Roman law, but they are chiefly concerned with land and family law and crime, and they are "of far less importance for international purposes than are the general principles of justice that are the common inheritance of civilised mankind."

So there is one more bogey laid, one more bad reason gone for showing ourselves unready to trust our cause to the judgment of our fellow-men.

MR. FORD HAS A WORD TO SAY

If Prohibition goes I shall go out of business. I would not bother handling 200,000 men spending their wages in saloons or making cars for a generation soggy with drink. Mr. Henry Ford

THE CHAIN

By La Petite Européenne

Our travelling correspondent in Europe sends us this pathetic little document from an Alpine village.

I came to know the dog of this story because again and again I passed the place where he lived.

There was nothing particular about the look of the dog except that some curious brown stripes ran irregularly on his light tan coat. He had struck me at first by his strange way of staring at me, watching me as if I were something specially interesting to study. Then we had become friends because I would throw him choice bits.

Always Chained Up

His kennel was a nook in the shadow of a wall. To the kennel was riveted a chain, the chain hung to a collar, and the collar encircled the neck of the dog always.

Walk along that road at any time of the day or night, the dog was chained up there. In the coldest winters there was no night too cold for him, in the hottest summers no day was too hot. Nobody ever seemed to take notice of him. However, his owners did not look unkind. They were an elderly couple, with a little child of five. The woman did a great deal of washing; the man nursed his rheumatism; the boy played about. Had the little fellow only played near the dog the poor thing would have shared the game with enthusiasm, and certainly would have done his utmost to amuse the child, as all good dogs do, but it was always on the other side of the house that the little one chose to play.

Just Kept Alive

With the evening came soup time. I saw it made once; a few pieces of bread soaked in cold water in a shabby old pan. *Eat, Mireau!*

Mireau wagged his tail, sniffed, and looked up at the woman somewhat timidly. Then he would sit up and wait. Sadness? Perplexity?

Later, hunger driving him, he would swallow a few mouthfuls. Sometimes the pan was half full next morning.

Then my thoughts would go back to the owners of the dog. These people probably never gave him a thought. To them he was part of the landscape. They left him alive in the evening; they found him alive in the morning; so it was all right. The idea never came to either that even a dog cannot live on a chain on a spot of ground one yard across. The owners of Mireau had other things to fill their minds. He was an object in its regular place, a good guardian who never complained. Who could tell that he suffered?

The End

Today I hear that Mireau has died. Illness? No; the chain.

It was two months ago that I last saw him. I remember some birds perched on the edge of his pan, pecking bits of the soaked bread. He lay silent by the kennel. Had his owners seen him they would have said: "Mireau is asleep." But Mireau was dying. He had been dying all his life.

Now I wonder to myself: When I go there again shall I pass before an empty kennel, or shall I see another dog there, dying slowly all his life?

THE SQUIRREL ON THE MISSISSIPPI

A naturalist reports that he has frequently seen squirrels swimming across the Mississippi River, evidently urged to do so by some migratory instinct.

If the chance is given them they are always willing to take a ride on any boat that may be crossing, and will crawl up an oar and cling to it. But they have a definite destination in view, and if the boat changes its course the squirrels drop off.

WHY NOT A NATIONAL PLAYGROUND?

THE FOREST OF DEAN

An Ancient Scene of Much of
Our Island Story

OLD ENGLAND'S OAKS

A suggestion has been made that the Forest of Dean should be formed into a public park, free from encroachment or enclosure for ever, the equivalent on a small scale of the famous Yellowstone Park of America.

It is true that the Forest has recently gained a melancholy celebrity through the decay of its famous oaks as the result of an attack by a mysterious fungus, but the Forest covers 34 square miles and has trees beyond number, and beauties of plant and animal life not excelled by any area in the land.

Glories of Old England

Such history has been made in this ancient forest of Gloucestershire, land of Tintern Abbey and other ancient glories of times before the destruction of the monasteries. In the old days, when little England was attempting to build up an Empire across the ocean and had to encounter the enmity of Spain at sea, the Forest of Dean was the source from which she drew her main supplies of oak for the ships that carried our great adventurers to their destinations.

So it was that Spain loved not the Forest of Dean. When the Invincible Armada set sail its admirals were instructed that even if they could not subdue the English nation they must with certainty destroy these famous woods and so cripple our naval resources. Drake and Howard and Frobisher and their brave men saved the Forest when they fought victoriously at sea.

Abbots as Ironmasters

The Forest is famous today for its collieries, well as they are hidden; but it was iron which formerly made it important. The abbots of the monasteries were granted charters for the erection of forges and for the right to cut wood for feeding forges which were moved from place to place in the Forest.

One abbot was so ardent an ironmaster that it was found profitable to give him 872 acres of woodland in exchange for the surrender of the charter permitting him to set up his perambulating forges when and where he would.

All the early kings, from the Conquest onward, hunted deer and wild boars in the Forest, and how much they esteemed the chase above the comfort and prosperity of their subjects is shown by the orders forbidding the pasturing of cattle except on the fringes of the wood, lest the wild animals should be disturbed.

Lessons Learned in a Bad School

The people of the Forest seem to have learned bad habits from their lawless royal masters, and to have turned to private account the lessons they had learned in making war on foreign enemies, for the records contain grim stories of Forest of Dean men turning wreckers, destroying ships in distress, pillaging their cargoes, and falling upon boats descending the Severn, smashing them up, looting their merchandise, and killing their crews.

The Forest has had a thrilling past; it is one of the most beautiful areas of the glorious western region of our Island, and we may all pray that the idea of making it a National Park may be carried out.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Carex	Kay-rex
Taurus	Taw-rus
Valais	Vah-lay
Yenisei	Yen-e-say-e

THE GOLD THIEVES

By T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 21

When the Water Sank

CLIVE woke with a start and sat up. "Earthquake!" he gasped. "What do you mean, Bruce? I don't hear anything."

"Listen!" snapped Bruce.

Clive remained silent, and then he, too, heard the deep gurgling, which resembled the sound of a giant bottle being emptied.

"Yes, I hear; but what is it? Did you feel a shock?"

No. That noise started quite suddenly. But it's water running somewhere, and the only thing I can think of is that there's been a bit of an earthquake."

"It may be," said Clive. "I wish we could see. How dark it is."

A thin film of cloud had covered the sky, shutting off the starlight. The Moon was not yet up, and it was intensely dark. It was weird to sit there in the blackness listening to the glug-glug, which went on without a break. Suddenly Clive called out "The canoe's drifting! Look at the way she's pulling on her rope!"

They had tied the canoe to the axe, which was stuck in the cleft they had cut in the rock. Now the canoe had drawn out to the end of her rope, showing that a current had been started in the pool. And still the glug-glug went on.

"Tell you what," said Bruce in a startled tone, "I believe the bottom of the lake's dropped out."

"Something like that," agreed Clive, "but if that has happened we shall see the water falling. Pull her up close to the edge and let's see."

They had an electric torch with a couple of spare batteries, and Clive, groping about in the darkness, found this and turned it on. The little beam of white light shone upon the rock at the water's edge, and at once Bruce cried out.

"I'm right! The water is sinking."

"It is," said Clive in a low voice. "It's down an inch already. I say, there must be a bigish hole to bring it down at that rate."

For a while neither spoke, but watched the run of the water against the rock. The lake was sinking steadily.

"It must have been an earthquake," said Bruce at last.

"I don't know," said Clive slowly. "If there had been a quake we should certainly have felt or heard it, and probably rocks would have fallen from above. My notion is that this is a kind of geyser pool that fills up to a point and then empties."

"Yes; but where does it empty? Is it going to do us any good?"

"It can't do us any harm anyhow," replied Clive, with a grim edge to his voice. "Bruce, you'd better get the axe aboard and the rope. We shall have to hold the canoe with the paddles."

"There's no hurry," said Bruce. "It'll be a long time before she sinks enough to put the axe out of reach. Meantime the only thing is to sit tight."

He was right, but all the same the waiting was a terrible ordeal, for the darkness hid everything and they could not tell what was really happening. And all the time they heard the glug-glug of the emptying water and the surface of the great circular pool went on slowly sinking. In an hour it was down by nearly two feet, and so it went on during the whole long night. In all North America there were no two people who longed more earnestly for daylight than these two boys.

At this time of the year (early September) the first grey of dawn came a little after five o'clock, but down in this pit there was not light enough to see their surroundings until about half-past five. The first thing the boys realised was that the lake seemed to have shrunk to two-thirds of its former size. It was fully four yards lower than on the previous night, while the water slide opposite had lengthened proportionately.

"The current is pulling us to the left," said Clive. "The water must be going out that side. Let's paddle over there and see if we can spot the place."

"All right. Only go steady. We don't want to be sucked into a whirlpool."

Bruce's warning was a wise one, for as they slowly coasted along the base of the cliff they felt the tug of the current growing stronger, and suddenly in the dim light saw a great vortex in front down which the water was being sucked exactly as it runs out of a bath when the plug is pulled up.

"Keep away!" cried Bruce, paddling hard.

They drove the canoe clear and, holding her, sat watching the great swirl.

"The hole's not in the bottom," said Clive, in a voice that shook a little with sheer excitement. "It's in the side."

"I see that," replied Bruce cheerfully. "There's a tunnel. I told you we'd be all right, old man."

"There's a chance anyhow," agreed Clive. "All the same, I can't make it out. If there is a tunnel how did it come to be blocked?"

"Why, the thieves blocked it, of course," returned Bruce.

Clive gave a low whistle. "I believe you've hit it, though how they did it beats me. And what's funnier still is how it came uncorked."

Bruce was not listening. He was pointing in the direction of the whirlpool.

"There's the tunnel. The top is showing."

As he spoke the glug-glug, caused by imprisoned air being dragged down, ceased, and the water began to run out with a steady rush. The level fell more rapidly, and soon the arched roof of a good-sized tunnel became plainly visible. The boys watched in breathless excitement, but two hours more elapsed before the opening was sufficient to give them head room, and even then they thought it wise to wait a little longer. It was not until it seemed that the pool had gained its balance, with just as much water running out as coming in, that they decided to start.

Clive turned to Bruce. "We can't tell where we are going or whether we shall get through after all," he said. "You'd better bear that in mind, Bruce."

"Don't croak," said Bruce, with a grin. "The other fellows went through, so why shouldn't we? Now you get up in the bow with the torch and I'll steer. Let her go!"

One powerful stroke and the canoe shot under the rock arch, and away they went whizzing down a long, straight water-slide. The torchlight shone on its black dripping walls, and Clive kept breathless watch for any rock or obstruction. There was nothing of the kind. The tunnel was as straight and true as though cut by the hand of man. On and on they raced until the white ray of the torch was dulled by a gleam of daylight, and next minute the canoe shot out through an arched opening into sunlight.

"Hurrah!" they shouted in one breath.

CHAPTER 22

Four Men in the Boat

BEHIND them towered the dark cliff through which they had passed; in front was a small river winding away between high, wooded banks, with the sunlight bright on its ripples.

"It's like waking out of a nightmare," said Clive, with a sigh of relief.

Bruce stopped paddling and yawned widely. "Talk of nightmares, we're both mighty short of sleep, Clive. There's a nice bit of shingle ahead. Let's land, cook breakfast, and have forty winks."

"It wouldn't be a bad notion," agreed Clive, as he dipped his paddle and drove the canoe toward the camping place. Inside five minutes they had a fire burning and bacon frying in the pan. How good it was to smell it and the rich scent of boiling coffee! It was nearly thirty hours since they had had a proper meal, and they made a good one. Then, feeling all of a sudden deadly sleepy, they stretched themselves on the warm sand and were sound asleep in a minute.

Clive was the first to wake, and was shocked to see how long the shadows lay. He shook Bruce. "Hurry! There are only two hours of daylight left."

Bruce sat up with a yawn. "I'd no idea it was so late! Come on!"

They bundled the things into the canoe and went off at a great rate. Just before dark they reached a good camping place and landed. As Clive started out to get wood for the fire the first thing he came across was a pile of ashes. He pointed them out to Bruce. "Those beggars camped here last night," he said. "We're only a day behind them."

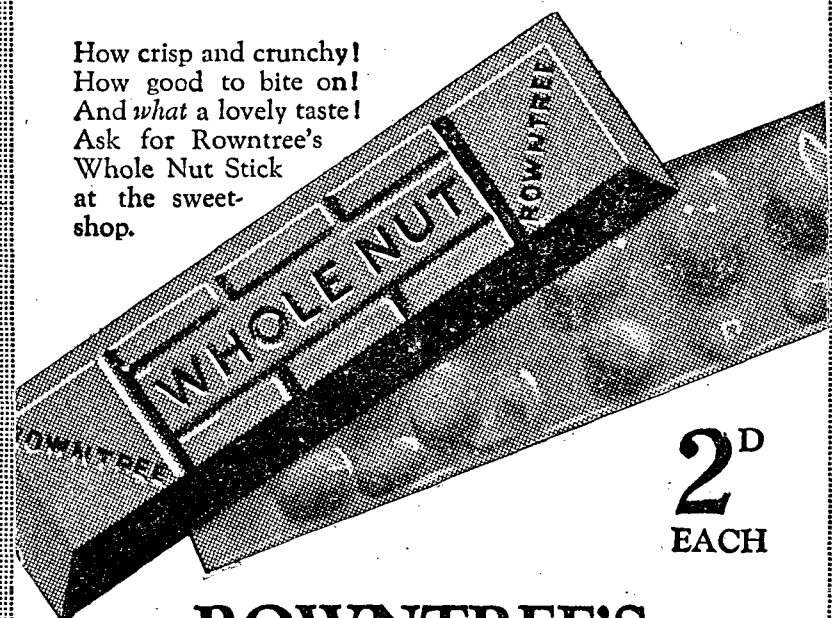
"You're right," said Bruce eagerly. "We'll be off early tomorrow to see if we can't pick them up. I don't fancy they'll be hurrying much. After the way they blocked the trail they can't be supposing anyone's after them."

"They did block it properly," agreed Clive. "I've been thinking that what they did was to put a dynamite cartridge in that tunnel. That brought the roof

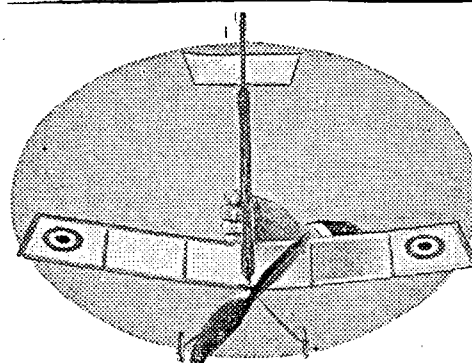
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Toasted Barcelona Nuts in Delicious Milk Chocolate

How crisp and crunchy!
How good to bite on!
And what a lovely taste!
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Whole Nut Stick
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ROWNTREE'S WHOLE NUT STICK



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Who wants one of these fine model aeroplanes? They fly a long way at a very nice speed and one hundred of them are offered FREE IN MODERN BOY. Full particulars of these splendid gifts are in this week's issue, which contains a grand programme of thrilling yarns and articles.

The race for the Schneider Trophy is dealt with in an illustrated article; Alfred Edgar writes a gripping yarn of the iron road—"The Lane Express"; George E. Rochester contributes a further instalment of "The Black Squadron," a thriller of the Air, and there are many other good things.

Don't miss it for anything!

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down and held the water back until the weight burst the dam."

"That's about the size of it," said Bruce. "And it's all the better for us, for if we can catch them up tomorrow night we shall take them unawares."

They ate supper and turned in at once, and were up before daybreak. As they made up the fire for breakfast a white object lying on the shingle caught Clive's eyes, and he went across and picked it up. It was a rough and dirty bandage stained with blood.

"Looks as if one of them was hurt," he said, as he showed it to Bruce.

"That's all to the good," said Bruce, "for it means that only two will be paddling. With any luck we ought to catch them tomorrow night."

"I hope we do," said Clive eagerly. "And this time we won't blunder into any booby trap."

"No; we'll think it all out beforehand," declared Bruce, as he took the coffee-pot off the fire.

In a very few minutes they had finished breakfast and got away, and, refreshed by a good sleep, sent the canoe fairly leaping downstream. That morning they covered nearly twenty miles; then stopped for a meal and an hour's rest and pushed on. The stream, which had taken several tributaries, was growing wider, but it was also swifter, and they had to shoot several rather nasty rapids. Late in the afternoon they came to the head of another, which, by the roar of it, was worse than any yet, and one glimpse of the deep rock-strewn defile down which the water raved in foam-tipped waves made it certain that no canoe could get through in safety.

Clive frowned. "What a nuisance! We shall have to portage."

"That's a sure thing," agreed Bruce, as he drove the canoe into the bank. Then, as he jumped ashore, he exclaimed sharply, "They've been here already, and pretty lately by the look of it. See these marks, Clive?"

"Crogan's," said Clive, as he inspected the giant's footprints. "You're right, Bruce. These marks are not more than three or four hours old. If we hurry we shall catch them tonight."

Continued in the last column

JACKO HAS A RISE IN THE WORLD

JACKO wanted to borrow five shillings. Adolphus said borrowing money was becoming a habit with him.

"A bad habit," said his mother. "What do you want it for now, Jacko?"

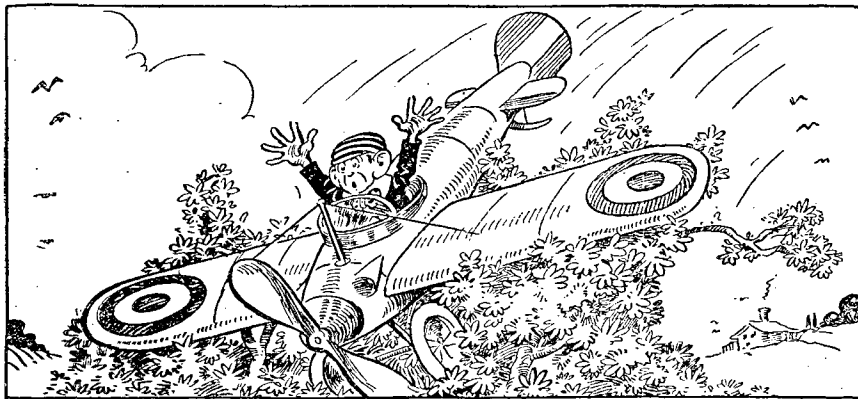
"I want to go up in an aeroplane," explained Jacko. "There's a man on the common who'll take you up for five shillings."

"I wouldn't go in one of those things for a fortune," declared Mother Jacko fiercely. "And I'll not allow you to go either. Now run along, Jacko."

Jacko went off, and the family forgot all about him. But in the middle of the morning a telegram arrived.

"It's from Grandpa," Father Jacko announced. "He's coming over."

"Oh dear!" cried Mother Jacko, "and there's nothing tasty in the house for his tea! I'll send Jacko to the farm for some new-laid eggs. Why, where is he?"



"If you want me," said Jacko, "you'll have to fetch me."

"Never where he should be," growled his father. "Jacko! Come here. Your mother wants you!" he called, throwing open the door. There was no answer.

Mother Jacko went to the garden door and called again. "Jacko, dear! Where are you?"

"Here!" cried an agonised voice. "If you want me you'll have to fetch me."

"How dare you speak to your mother like that!" shouted Father Jacko, rushing out into the garden. "Drat the boy! Where is he?"

Suddenly Mother Jacko gave a terrified scream. "There he is!" she cried. "Up in that tree! In an aeroplane! And it's stuck! Oh, he'll be killed!"

"No fear!" said Adolphus, who was leaning out of his bedroom window, roaring with laughter; "he's safe enough. Let him stay where he is for a bit. It'll teach you to run off in an aeroplane, my lad!" he called out.

And if his mother hadn't intervened, Jacko might have been up there still.

Instead of replying Bruce began lifting the packs out of the canoe. The portage meant two journeys, the first with the packs, the second with the canoe. The distance was not great, but the trail was steep and rough. It led over a bluff some fifty feet high, and on the very top of this Bruce noticed a big cedar, the lofty top of which rose high above the surrounding forest. He pointed it out to Clive.

"If I shinned up there the chances are I could see the other canoe," he said. "It only means about ten minutes' delay, and I think it's worth it."

Clive hesitated, but had to admit that Bruce's idea was a sound one. Whatever happened they must not run any risk of muddling up things as they had on the previous occasion. He agreed, and on the second trip, as they carried the canoe, they laid it down while Bruce climbed the tree.

The branches were thick and matted, and it took him longer than he had expected to force his way upwards, but once he had reached the top he was well repaid by the enormous stretch of country which lay beneath his eyes. Upstream he could see right back to the bluff through which the tunnel pierced, downstream, toward the north-west, the view stretched over a huge area of gently undulating forest, through which this nameless river ran in wide curves. And there, sure enough, was the big canoe of the gold thieves moving steadily downstream. Bruce stared hard at it for a moment or two and a frown creased his forehead. Then, twisting one leg round the trunk of the tree to balance himself, he took the field-glasses from their case and put them to his eyes. For quite a minute he kept them focussed on the canoe, and when he took them down his face had gone oddly white.

"I was right," he murmured miserably. "There are four men and one is Uncle Quen. So Dad was right, and he is in with the thieves after all."

"What's the matter with you, Bruce?" came Clive's impatient voice from below. "Are you going to stay there all day?"

"No, I'm coming," replied Bruce, but his voice was curiously flat. "What in the world am I going to say to Clive?" was the question he asked himself as he began to clamber down.

TO BE CONTINUED

WHAT A PUBLIC LIBRARY DOES

All Sorts of Books For All

Does the average citizen realise the kind of work done in our public libraries and its amount?

It is one of the most pleasing features of modern life, and it is worth while for everyone to know its character.

As a typical instance of the work a public library can do we give some facts taken from the annual report of the Chief Librarian of Croydon.

Croydon has an estimated population of 215,000. It has a Central Library and three Branch Libraries, all having Junior Libraries attached. The staff consists of nine members. The books number over 150,000, over 21,000 being books for children and nearly 30,000 books of reference.

The total number of books read or consulted during the year was over a million and a half—1,515,647. Thus, on an average, seven books a year were used for each man, woman, and child in the borough. The total cost was about 1s. 6d. a head.

The volumes of fiction lent were 577,793, but 937,854 volumes were not works of fiction. Close on 100,000, for instance, were books on history, 73,000 were scientific, 55,000 were on travel, 37,500 were distinctively literary, 26,000 were on art, 18,700 were biographical, 15,500 were on religion, 13,500 on music, and 12,500 on business. While annually less than three books a head of the population were fiction more than four books a head were not fiction.

The additions to the library during the year numbered 13,500. They included 10,891 new books, costing £2422.

Croydon is an example of the kind of mental stimulus through free libraries that is going on in many towns, and to a considerable extent in some rural districts, under librarians who are increasingly qualified by sound training. It is a movement of enormous potency.

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MY MAGAZINE

September issue now on sale

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THE ISLE OF MAN GOES FORWARD

Showing Britain the Way

The Isle of Man is putting her best foot forward.

Whoever has rambled over the little island and seen its manifold attractions of wild, rocky coast, sweet glens, and inland heights, from which England, Scotland, and Ireland are all sighted on favourable days, will be glad to hear that much-visited land is rousing itself to get into step with modern progress.

Though it has a resident population of only about 60,000 and a public revenue of about £300,000 a year, to bring itself up to date, it is boldly undertaking public work that will cost about twice its annual revenue.

Douglas, its capital, where some two-fifths of its people live, is transforming itself. Its pier accommodation is being extended at a cost of something like a third of a million of money. The old part of the town is to be modernised, with a commodious street replacing the narrow lanes behind its sea parade. Schemes for sending electricity over all parts of the island and for utilising the water-power of its glens are in hand or projected, and a Bill has passed its Legislature for supplying pure water to every town and village in the island.

Already great improvements have been made in its highways, and the work has been so wisely done that the island has been able to engage labour which otherwise might have been unemployed, and so escape such expedients as the dole. Work of undoubted public benefit has absorbed the local labour. In fact, little Manxland in some respects has shown the way to big Britain.

Whoever has really known Mona will give her a hearty cheer in encouragement of her enterprise.



"New enlarged packets.

More for your money."

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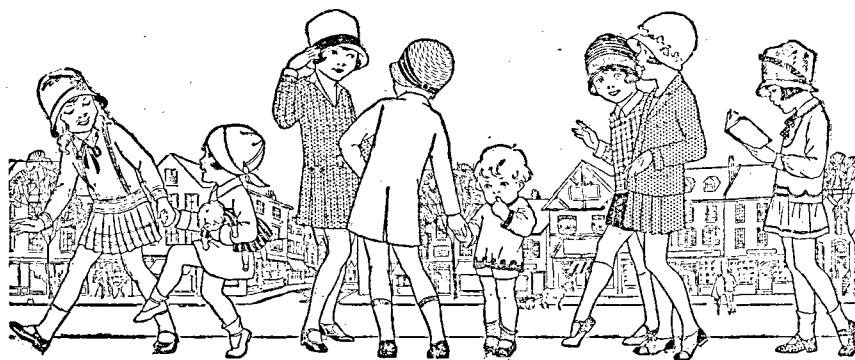
A Schoolgirl looks at Schoolboys

In a delightful little article in this week's SCHOOL-DAYS, a schoolgirl writes what she thinks about schoolboys. "The trouble with most schoolboys is their Conceit," says she, giving the word a capital letter, so strongly does she feel about it. Fellow-schoolgirls will probably agree with her; schoolboys certainly won't. But all will enjoy this lively, entertaining essay.

There are many other splendid features in this bumper issue, including grand stories and intensely interesting articles, photographs, jokes and puzzles. Be sure you get this and every issue of

SCHOOL-DAYS

Every Saturday, 2d.



Tell Mother about the new 'Viyella' designs

Printed 'Viyella.'
An entirely new range of beautiful printed floral designs, with colourful backgrounds. There are scores of designs each of which is rendered in hundreds of different colour effects.
31 in. wide, 4/6.
'Viyella' for frocks.
In new and exclusive fancy weaves, basket weaves, tweed effects, tiny checks and over-checks with hundreds of plain shades to match each design. Many of the designs and colours have marl backgrounds.
31 in. wide, 4/11.

Those cosy little frocks Mother makes you for Autumn and Winter wear can be so pretty—so colourful this year.

'Viyella' is here in many printed flower effects, as well as novel basket weaves and tweed effects—Mother will tell you how fashionable they are. And, like the 'Viyella' Mother makes your undies and nighties of, this new 'Viyella' is guaranteed unshrinkable and will withstand plenty of hard wear.

Viyella
(Reg'd Trade Mark)

From first-class Drapers and Stores.



TELL MOTHER BE SURE TO SEE NAME 'Viyella' ON DETACHABLE SELVEDGE LABELS EVERY YARD OR SO. If any difficulty in obtaining, please write for address of suitable retailer to Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (suppliers to Trade only), 897, Viyella House Old Change, London, E.C.4.



EVERY READER OF THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

ought to know all about

SECCOTINE

REG. TRADE MARK.

WHY?

Well, every day in life there are things to make or to mend. The things to mend may be toys, tools, instruments or important pieces of furniture. What is needed is an adhesive of enormous strength, which is always ready at a moment's notice—requiring no heating or other preparation.

THAT IS WHAT SECCOTINE IS—

an intensely strong adhesive—sticks everything, and is always ready—can be used by the child. It is packed in clean small tubes not difficult to open, just pull out a little pin and press the tube gently then close by inserting the pin again. Seccotine is sold all the world over—tubes 4d., 6d., 9d. each. If you wish to learn more about this valuable article write for a FREE BOOKLET to McCaw Stevenson & Orr Ltd., Linenhall Works, Belfast. The information it contains will surprise you.

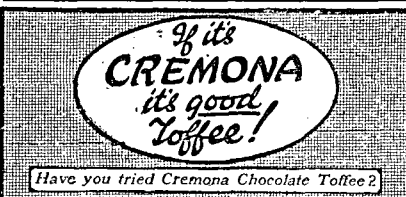
The Best Monthly Magazine for English-Speaking Youth

LITTLE FOLKS

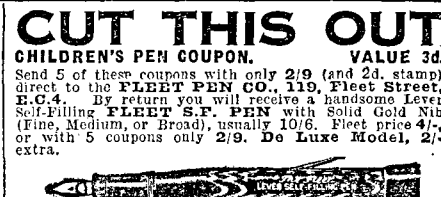
STORIES—ARTICLES—HOBBIES—PICTURES

Buy the September Issue Today

1/-



Have you tried Cremona Chocolate Toffee?



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 7, 1929

Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

The Bag of Bull's-Eyes

A boy bought a bag of bull's-eyes. He spent as many pence on them as the number of bull's-eyes sold for sixpence. If he had spent as many pence as he received bull's-eyes he would have had 384.

What was the price of the bull's-eyes? *Answer next week*

Wild Flower of the Week

The Ivy

THE ivy in its early days is sometimes a dainty clinging little plant, but it soon grows big and at last may have a stem like a tree as much as ten inches in diameter. It trails or climbs, holding on by a series of rootlets. The leaves are of two kinds, being five-lobed on the climbing stem and oval without divisions on the upper branches.

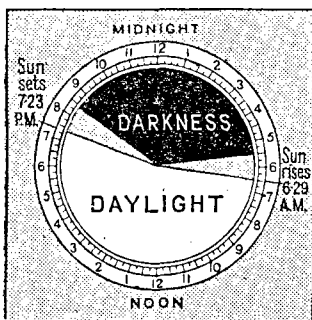
The flowering stems project a foot or more from the climbing stems and the flowers grow in short globular clusters, being yellowish-green in colour. They are not so conspicuous as the smooth, black berries which succeed them. At the old Greek games the prizes given to the successful competitors were often crowns of ivy, not large silver cups and trophies.

An Enigma

I'm found in a peacock; found in proud;
I'm always seen in every crowd.
And yet I am no part of life;
No part of seeking, or of strife.
I am a mighty part of love;
I always help to make your glove,
Your shoes, and coat, and yet your dress
Is quite without me, I confess.

Answer next week

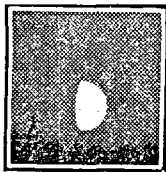
Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Venus is in the East. In the evening Saturn is in the South, and toward midnight Jupiter and Uranus are in the East. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7.30 p.m. on September 11.



Added Letter Puzzle

ADD a letter and change a relative into meagre; to attend into to shine; a tree into a cut; a girl into a drinking vessel; a puzzle into an iron plate; a part of a house into a servant. The same letter is used to effect the change in each case.

Answer next week

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE great tit has begun to sing again. House sparrows are now collecting in large flocks. House flies are swarming in the windows of houses. The vapour moth is seen. Elderberries and yew berries are ripe. Ivy is in flower.

Is Your Name Bannister?

THIS word is really a corruption of ballister or balestier, meaning the crossbowman, and the surname comes from an ancestor of those bearing it, who was a crossbowman in the ancient army of a king or feudal lord.

Facts

A TON of coal produces about ten thousand feet of gas. Only 36 people out of every million live to be 100 years old. Rain falls on the east coast of Ireland about 208 days in a year. Rapid growth of the finger nails is said to be a sign of good health.

Ici On Parle Français



Un almanach Un amirale Une ancre
Regardez la date sur cet almanach.
Admirez cet amiral en grande tenue.
Le navire jetera l'ancre aussitôt.

A Mysterious Number

MY number definite and known
Is ten times ten told ten times o'er;
Though half of me is one alone
And half exceeds all count and score.

Answer next week

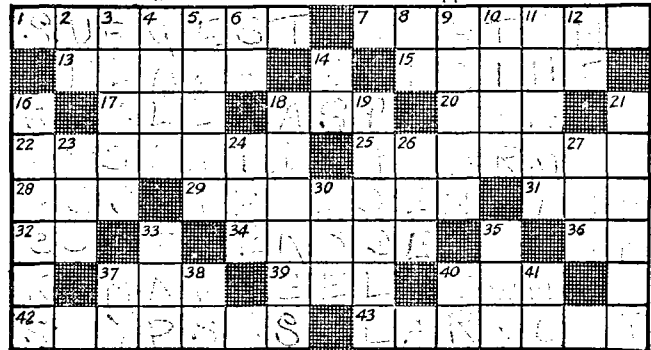
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Box of Eggs. 55 Word Diamond
A Proverb Puzzle. Half a loaf is better than no bread.
An Enigma. Level
A Queer Sum. Stable—able=st+air=stair × 2=stairs—airs=st+art=start.

Who Was He? The Man Who Saved India was Lord Lawrence.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 46 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues which are given below. The answer will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. To propose. 7. To foreshadow ominously. 13. To set in position. 15. A punctuation mark. 17. Every one. 18. A viper. 20. Males. 22. Lost. 25. Disturbances. 28. A member of the horse family. 29. Trampled. 31. A mischievous person. 32. Company*. 34. To eat away. 36. Early English*. 37. A representation of a country on paper. 39. A snake-like fish. 40. To possess. 42. Doubt. 43. Ardent.

Reading Down. 2. On high. 3. A drinking-vessel. 4. To harass. 5. Acclamation. 6. Compass point. 8. A musical work*. 9. Pertaining to Rome. 10. A row. 11. Listlessness. 12. New Testament*. 14. For example. 16. Fishing vessels. 18. Esteems. 19. To walk in water. 21. Appearance to the eye. 23. Imperial Service Order*. 24. Wrath. 26. Shelter. 27. Madame*. 30. Female rabbit. 33. To pat gently. 35. The bristle of corn. 37. First person singular. 38. Postscript*. 40. Heraldic term for gold. 41. Compass point.

Dr. MERRYMAN

An Unfair Advantage

THE proud parent was talking about her only son.

"And how did he get on in his examination?" she was asked.

"Very badly," was the reply. "But then it wasn't fair. They asked him about things that happened before he was born."

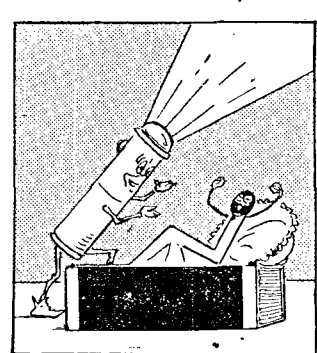
Not What He Meant

THE actor, believing he could act, and he let the world know it.

"When I am on the stage," he declared, "I lose sense of all about me, the audience completely disappears—"

"Yes," said his candid friend. "And who can blame it?"

Time to Wake Up



A LAZY Match who loved his bed

Sat up and gave a yawn,
And then he cried, as Flashlight passed,
"Oh bother! Here's the dawn!"

Then He Paid

MR. NEWRICH had had his portrait painted. It was a very good portrait; too good, in fact, for the liking of Mr. Newrich, who considered it should have flattered him. So when it came to paying he hesitated.

"You need not have it if you think it isn't good enough," said the artist.

"But it's of no use to you," said Mr. Newrich. "How will you sell it if I don't take it?"

"Just as easily as I can paint a tail on it," was the reply.

Short Measure

A SMALL local milkman was proudly talking of his sales.

"Twenty gallons a day," he said.

"I can tell you how to increase the figure to twenty-five," said one rather bored listener.

"How?" asked the milkman.

"Fill the bottles," was the reply.

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

RAYMOND had gone to school for the first time this term, and he was very proud of his school cap and his new satchel.

At first he had felt very new and shy and rather afraid of the strange children, especially of Jim Hudson, the biggest boy, who was always teasing and playing pranks and talking about his elder brother who was at Oxford. But Raymond soon settled down, and now he felt quite old and important.

Then one day his mother came home with a blue shirt she had bought for him. Poor Raymond's heart sank into his boots. "Mummy, I can't wear that!" he cried.

"Why not, Raymond?"

"Because it's blue, and all the other fellows wear white shirts. Please let me go on wearing my old ones."

"That's absurd, darling," said his mother. "It's a very nice shirt indeed, and it's a lovely blue."

"But couldn't I change it for a white one?" Raymond begged.

"No, darling. I specially bought blue because it will look so nice with your blazer."

So Raymond had to wear it. He really hardly dared to go to school next morning!

He buttoned his blazer as tightly as he could, and tried to keep out of the way of that teasing Jim.

It was very warm in the classroom, and all the other boys sat in their shirts.



"Where did you get it?"

"What ever are you wearing your blazer for, young Raymond?" shouted Jim, shying a dart at him.

RAYMOND'S BLUE SHIRT

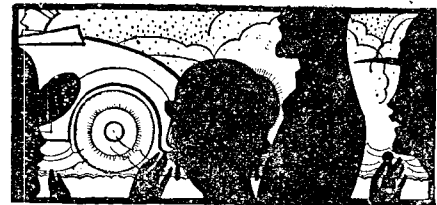
"Why not?" said Raymond stoutly.

"Why not! Ho, look at his new shirt!" Jim came up for closer inspection and grabbed at the offending shirt. "I say, it is a topping one," he added in a lower voice. "Where did you get it from, Raymond?"

Raymond could hardly believe his ears. "My mother got it for me," he said.

"Why, it's just like one my brother who's at Oxford wears, just the same colour," declared Jim. "You are a lucky chap! I must ask my mother to get me one like it."

You may be sure that Raymond's blazer didn't stay on another minute.



Dust is Unhealthy

You can't always avoid the other fellow's dust but you can avoid a dry irritating throat. Dust is laden with germs and is a most efficient agent for spreading disease. Keep your mouth clean and healthy with the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles. You will like their refreshing taste of pure Black Currant Juice; their soothing properties are wonderful.

Your Chemist stocks them
In Tins 2 oz. 8d. 4 oz. 1/3

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

CAN YOUR CHILD DRAW THIS?



Here is a simple test of your child's talent for Drawing. Mind you, copying isn't Drawing and leads nowhere. But a copy of this Sketch will give a good idea whether your child should be given a chance to develop into a creative Artist.

But even if you have another career mapped out, every child needs a spare-time Hobby. Wireless and mechanical Hobbies are all very good in their way, but are they character-building? Sketching is the ideal Hobby. The equipment needed is simple and inexpensive—while the return it yields in self-improvement and joy will be invaluable

in after-years. Read what this parent says:

"It may interest you to hear that, in the past months, my daughter has passed with distinction her two last examinations for the 'Royal Drawing Society,' and that for the 'Cambridge Junior examination, in which she had selected drawing as one of her branches; she obtained one of the three 'distinctions' which were awarded. This may encourage any of your young pupils."

C. B., London, N.W.

Let me send you my fully Illustrated Prospectus so that you can see for yourself what the Press Art School has done for other young folk. The Prospectus tells you all about my Postal Courses in Black and White and Water Colour. The Preparatory Course makes learning to Draw an easy, happy process for the absolute beginner. My Advanced Course teaches the young Artist who can Draw how to produce work which will sell. Work by my pupils appears in every illustrated publication of note. If you will post me a copy of the "Nigger Boy" (or preferably an original sketch) by your boy or girl, giving age, I will send you a free, helpful criticism and my Prospectus, post free.

Address me personally: PERCY V. BRADSHAW, THE PRESS ART SCHOOL (Dept. C.N.1), TUDOR HALL, FOREST HILL, S.E. 23